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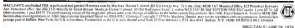
VOL. 91, NO. 1:

**Macleans**

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Happiness is just a car named Joe. So you'd like to drive all day on Monport, but you lack the car, the money and the skill. Right? Because now if there is a will, there's also a way. **Page 11**

STACY, C. 1979. The phytoplankton and protozoa of the western Hudson River. *Journal of Great Lakes Research* 5: 1-16. [http://dx.doi.org/10.1016/0380-1330\(79\)90001-9](http://dx.doi.org/10.1016/0380-1330(79)90001-9)



The image consists of four small, square, black and white photographs arranged in a 2x2 grid. Each photograph shows a close-up of hands performing a task related to office work or data processing. The top-left photo shows hands holding a document over a calculator. The top-right photo shows hands sorting through a stack of papers. The bottom-left photo shows hands organizing papers in a tray or folder. The bottom-right photo shows hands writing or marking on a document.

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# Interview

With Billy Graham

Dwight Eisenhower and John Kennedy had not read White House prayer booklets. His friend Lyndon Johnson asked him to consider running for president. He was an important counsel to Richard Nixon and he really saved Carter's term against White House Billy Graham's help and away the most valiantly and powerful evangelist at work today. His "crusades" pack the biggest halls and stadiums in the world for days on end. Parts of his eight-day crusade in Toronto this month were videotaped for later showings across North America and abroad. His weekly radio program *The Hour of Decision* is broadcast by more than 900 stations around the world.

Prominence is generally accompanied by controversy, and Billy Graham is one of no exception. The Charlotte Observer in Graham's home state of North Carolina last year revealed the existence of a previously unpublicized arm of the Graham organization, known as the World Evangelical and Christian Education Fund, with assets in land and blue-chip stocks—reported to total \$22.9 million. The evangelist's only commitment was that he makes \$26,500 a year, and any other information on the income of Billy Graham Evangelistic Association is private. In fact, though his organization is widely reported to be worth the neighborhood of \$400 million, he says he doesn't even know whether he's a millionaire.

Now 58, Graham has been an evangelist for more than 30 years. He has written 11 books (one of them, *Angels: God's Secret Agents*, has sold over 1.25 million copies, second only to *Roots* in history of the Doubleday publishing company); he has been married for 34 years, and he has five children (the youngest is now 25). Although he consistently denies it, *Playboy* magazine spoke with Graham in Toronto just before his latest crusade.

**Mackinnon:** Isn't it more difficult to believe in God in a world where terrorism and warfare have become the norm?

**Graham:** I think that what we're seeing is a shadowing of the stage, building up toward that eschatological period. That doesn't mean that the earth is going to be destroyed, but it does mean that evil is going to be destroyed, and the Messiah is going to come. And of course I believe that the Messiah will be Jesus Christ. Jews believe that the Messiah will be someone else.

**Mackinnon:** What does the word "an" mean in your theology?

**Graham:** Exactly what it's always meant in



No, religion is not 'the opiate of the masses.' It's the only hope they have

**Mackinnon:** In your book, *World Without End*, you write that unless the Church quickly converts the audience in Israel, Jewish messianism of Christians may leave the institutional Church to find spiritual food.

**Graham:** I think that prediction has already come true. But they're coming back to the Church now. There's a great movement among these young people to realize that they have a responsibility to the Church, but that the Church, if it does not have a full program during the week of Bible teaching and prayer, that people are going to find that in home prayer groups and Bible study groups, of which there are hundreds of thousands. They're springing up everywhere, with people reading from the lowest to the highest social strata.

**Mackinnon:** What is the long-range phenomenon about?

**Graham:** It's not a phenomenon. Jesus said that expresses his faith. "You must

be born again into the Kingdom of God." And then Charles Colson's book came out *Born Again*, and then the presidential candidates, Mr. Ford and Mr. Carter, said "I have been born again." It's a biblical statement, and a mission that is beyond all your ways, you receive Christ to your Savior, and then the Holy Spirit comes and gives you a new heart, new attitudes. In other words he changes the direction of your life.

**Mackinnon:** Why is that happening now in America?

**Graham:** It's happening worldwide. It's not just American society. It's happening more, I would think, in the Far East than in any other place. And in Africa. At the present time, however, Africa will be a focus again, certainly in 20 years, according to statistics. We're coming back to a third-century in the Church—not so much in Europe but it's beginning in Europe—in which we are accepting the Bible in the eschatological sense of God. And the fact that men and women need to have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ, which one could call being born again. Now some churches believe that this regeneration, as it's called, happens when they're baptized. Others think that it happens when you're confirmed. Others believe that it happens later on. Only the Holy Spirit would know the exact moment that a person is born again. Jesus said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." I think we can pray with all, there's a charity that we know—almost from where we shake hands with a person—that they know Christ is their Savior.

**Mackinnon:** What's the impact for it?

**Graham:** I think it's a movement of the Holy Spirit. I don't think that's any doubt at all. As we're witnessing a moving of the spirit of God. It has not affected the majority of humanity. It has not affected the majority of Americans. But it has affected a very large minority. We're seeing more people go through per capita in the United States today than ever before in American history.

**Mackinnon:** Could that have anything to do with the legacy of Vietnam?

**Graham:** I think that's a part of it. Part of it, though, and the major part, is Christianity with modernism, with technology. Our young people in the '60s said, "We don't want it. There's something else in life." So some turned to drugs to escape to the occult, and some turned to Christ.

**Mackinnon:** In *World Without End*, you talk about double think, group think and the law. Could you explain what you mean by those terms?

**Graham:** Well, when you have group think you have the thought that many of all the time and a whole nation thinking the same thing. We are urged to buy a certain product. We don't need it, but we are urged to buy it, as a group, as a source. Double think is thinking good and evil at the same time. For instance, the Vietnam war, we do need it and we don't need it

at the same time. And we have no one to go out and persuade them whole nations, before to get something they really don't need. Jesus Christ can come along and have an instant solution to every conceivable problem with his grace and young people had a tendency—I think they're through it more now—not to realize it may like years to get this instant solution. One of the greatest changes that has taken place in our society is the change in the value system and the basis of morality. You see, when we throw out the Ten Commandments and the Ser-



Yes, I thought Richard Nixon was a good president. He made some errors of course

mon on the Moon; what do we have? What is our syndrome? There is a moral standard in our society. When we break it, we're breaking ourselves. The whole world is on a cracked foundation of human nature. Every problem that mankind faces today could be solved if it were not for sin.

**Mackinnon:** If everybody behaved in the same spirit, could we solve every problem in the world?

**Graham:** Oh I don't think that because we'd still be sinners. We'd still have lust and greed and hate and all the rest. Every system has corruption in it. There is no perfect system that I've ever seen.

**Mackinnon:** Have you read Richard Nixon's recent book?

**Graham:** On page 474. He said he was a man, photographed good and I put that in the safe and bought one of my own. It's interesting, you know I spent a great deal of

time with President Eisenhower. I spent more time with President Johnson. I only spent, I think, three nights at the White House when Mr. Nixon was president and about 23 nights when Johnson was president. But I've loved him and I've loved a person. If he was reading his paper in the morning, he would say to have coffee with him. I know him better because he was more to know. I also know Mr. Nixon quite well because I have had fairly full personal contact with him. I have known him as he tells the story in the book, all the people had gone then the family came to see the eyes closed and just as he came to see his eyes were shut. He just crumpled and just went and fell into my arms, and I said that that I loved him and I loved his mother who is Helen and she was a wonderful person. And then Pat came and the two girls came and I wrapped my arms around the whole family and had prayer with them. It didn't begin with Watergate. We can go all the way back to the first administration and we had navigation in various stages in most every form of government. I don't care whether it's the United States or the Soviet Union.

**Mackinnon:** Terms like sin and guilt have a very different meaning in a religious perspective. They mean unacceptable.

**Graham:** Guilt is one of the great psychological problems that people face. We have broken God's law and we are guilty. There's a punishment in that guilt, and that punishment is separation from God. The second death, which Jesus called hell. And Jesus Christ took that for us. He became the scapegoat. That's the marvelous thing about the Gospel. You don't have to go around as in this guilt. You escape out of it at the Cross.

**Mackinnon:** When you say Calvinism, where does that leave the Jews and the Muslims and the people in Islam?

**Graham:** It leaves them as Jews and Muslims and Muslims.

**Mackinnon:** Does that leave them without hope or inner peace?

**Graham:** But do you have a system? I only have the biblical system. I don't teach anything. I don't teach anything. The Church has its weight in Canada since the beginning of Canada, at the Church of England have taught in its crusade. We're taught that God is a God of justice, God is a God of mercy, and I'm going to leave all that up to God. I can't go around denigrating all these groups. I want to go and give the good news to every creature. That's my responsibility and it's up to that person to either accept, reject or resist.

**Mackinnon:** Is this more subtle to other systems of belief?

**Graham:** Of course. I believe that I'm in every major religion in the world. I'm just thinking. Islam is the father of the Arabs, and Islam is the father of the Jews. And it thought to myself that in the desert of Abraham, the father they came together. I think that's the way it is. It's in the 36th chapter, or the 19th chapter.

that there's no time as you have in going to Mass, Syria, Egypt and Israel! But I think that day will come when the Messiah comes.

**Maclean's:** How much of the Bible is truly Jewish?

**Graham:** That would be impossible to say. For example, I believe there is a literal Adam and Eve. I believe the story of Jacob and the whole. I believe it was literal because Jesus said so. Most of the hard places of the Old Testament to accept were things that Jesus himself referred to, and I would have to doubt his word; I would have to doubt Jesus Christ. I would have to say you're a liar. Why didn't you tell us this is wrong if it was true? But he didn't. And so I accept these as real events, by faith.

**Maclean's:** Is there more to it all in your belief for healthy skepticism?

**Graham:** When I received Jesus Christ, the greatest problem I had, when I tried to think it through was that either Jesus Christ was an egomaniac, claiming to be God and his word, or he deserved to be in a mental hospital, or finally he was what he claimed to be. And it was upon that choice that I made my decision for Christ. I said yes, by faith I am going to accept that he is who he claims to be. My faith has grown stronger, to the point that I don't even doubt that Jesus Christ was the son of God. I don't doubt that I'm going to Heaven.

**Maclean's:** Tell me when did that change come about?

**Graham:** A year after I had accepted Christ as Savior. When I came to the Bible, I began to feel becoming passages of scripture. I was in California with a group of seminary students, sitting around a campfire at night and talking. I remember walking out into the woods in the moonlight and I had a Bible and I got down on my knees, and I said "Lord, I don't understand everything in this book. There are things I just cannot reconcile, that I am going to accept it as your authoritative word by faith." There are still things in the Bible I can't reconcile, but I accept it by faith as God's infallible word.

**Maclean's:** Where is God when disaster occurs?

**Graham:** He hasn't forsaken his own that are there. Man is doing this to man, not God. There isn't no sin, again. This is man's corruption, again. It's never going to end until Christ comes back, and then it is regenerated. A person who is a true believer couldn't participate in that. The Bible is full of passages that there will be false Christians. They're going around trying to make the Jews converts at the end of the world, and that's why the Jewish people today, to my regret, are not Jewish. I don't talk about some of these evangelistic efforts. They're not likely to be so much because they know that I've been found. I mean I hold words from practically every Jewish organization.

**Maclean's:** How do you respond to track leaders as prominent anthropologists, who

view—many of them—the Jews as fundamentalist Christians?

**Graham:** First of all, I do not believe that the Bible teaches premarital sex, that's called fornication, and the Bible warns against fornication. I don't believe in abortion except in cases where the mother's life is in danger or incest or rape. Contraception, I believe in it. I believe marriage always stood in its own form or number, and in his every right to use it.

**Maclean's:** So after that is procreative marriage?

**Graham:** Of course. The Bible has a good deal to say about the marital. The Bible



God is not a person with a big stick, going around saying: 'Don't do this, don't do that'

doesn't say when you come to Christ you're committing a unilateral suicide. We're given great freedom, you know, when Christ comes to liberate us. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free." Christ is the truth and he sets people free. God is not a person with a big stick going around "Don't do this, Don't do that" in everything that is pleasure and joy and happiness. There's a freedom of conscience that the Bible allows. Now there are certain things that are right and wrong. For example, it is wrong for a young man and a young woman to sleep together before marriage. The Bible definitely says that's wrong. This is the moral law.

**Maclean's:** How do you respond to the old cliché about religion being the opiate of the masses?

**Graham:** Well, of course that is when Marx thought and I think he was totally wrong. It's the one hope that the masses have, if it's

true religion. I agree that if you have the wrong kind of religion, it can be devastating. Of course Marx was talking about a society that had been given by the establishment in Europe to keep the working classes in line. In that sense of course, he was right, but Marx is no longer true, largely, in Europe or America or in Canada.

**Maclean's:** I was going to ask you about the possibility of a nuclear holocaust.

**Graham:** The world is riding on a powder keg, that could blow up at any time. Certainly the danger that was started under Mr. Stalin has deteriorated very rapidly in the last few months.

**Maclean's:** Did you think Stalin was a good president?

**Graham:** I thought he was a good president. He made some errors, of course. He thought that he could end the Vietnam war in one year when he went in. He was determined to end it. But he found that he had a bear by the tail that soon when he couldn't run loose. But it was his idea long before he became president that we must become friends with China, that this barrier must be broken. His goal as president was really peace and prosperity, that sort of undergirded him all the way. And then came Wuzengue, which just destroyed him. I would seriously doubt if he knows what caused Wuzengue.

**Maclean's:** And now the United States has President Carter, a man again. Against that is a very harsh man, an egoist.

**Graham:** I think that Mr. Carter was elected partially on the grounds of his religious faith.

**Maclean's:** After people accept God, are born again, then what do they do?

**Graham:** Then they work—for Christ, for the kingdom of God in the world. I was separated from the sins of the world. We're not to participate in the sins of the world, but we're to go on in the world and do all we can to help in solving its problems.

**Maclean's:** If you weren't alone, when you're doing nothing, what else would you be involved in?

**Graham:** Well, when I was in my youth, I was to be a baseball player, but I never would have made it. My talking wasn't too good. I probably would have been a farmer because I was born and raised on a farm and my father never wanted me to get an education. He wanted me to stay on the farm. As for politics, I never gave it a thought. I was converted to Christ and called to the ministry before I even thought of politics. I remember President Johnson, one day at Camp David. He was mourning and I was sitting on the side of the pool. John Chancellor was there as well. The president said "Billy, I think you ought to run for president. You ought to be in the race." He'll tell you what I'll do. If you decide to run, I'll be your campaign manager and my organization will be behind you." And I said "No, the Lord has called me to preach. I settled that a long time ago." I have been called by God and I consider it the highest calling in the world. ☺



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# Forget the referendum; the questions it poses have already been answered

Column by Marcel Rioux

The announcement of the Parti Québécois to call a referendum on the future of Quebec has created Canadian angst. For many, so late this celebrated civil list because referendums are not part of Canada's constitution or tradition? Or, perhaps, because the old colonial line of 1867 has lost its authority? Or is it merely that the plan traces back from Quebec—then when the word of people are not known?

Whatever the reason, the referendum promise provokes profound mistrust among English Canadians who wish to unite against the Parti Québécois position, before anyone knows just what the position will be. It's almost as if the referendum will settle things once and for all.

Since November 15th, 1976, I have travelled extensively in Canada, in Europe and in the United States and indeed, I have heard much about Quebec and Canada. Two thoughts, one linked to the other, keep coming back from the referendum: we will not settle Quebec problems and secondly, the case of Quebec is not unique but one among the many which exist in Western democracies with social minorities.

Whatever the results of the referendum, a new deal will have to be negotiated between Quebec and Canada. Even if the Parti Québécois wins, so late the next election, the problem will not vanish because many Quebecers are opposed to the vision quo and favor a "reserved federalism" or some kind of third option. Some day, real negotiations will have to begin. Whether based on the 1976 "white paper" or on some other formula, Confederation as we know it now will be replaced by some other kind of association between Canada and Quebec. The other provinces will also have to decide how they will be integrated and the power they will delegate to a supranational authority. If all the expertise and resources which are being used by one or another of the various groups to win the referendum were devoted to finding solutions to create a lasting partnership for the countries' constitutional partnership, they would benefit both Canada and Quebec much more than they do now. The politics of confrontation practiced by the Prime Minister of Canada and his government cannot result in viable debates and, possibly, violence. Although one can not see that

these tactics are used by Trudeau to remain in power, one can decide whether it is at present the best strategy for Canada and Quebec. The politics of confrontation serve only to delegitimize and radicalize the various parties and prevent them from looking for realistic solutions. I suppose that behind the position there is the simple thought that the problem will vanish if the Québecois are threatened enough or if the right events occur to destabilize Québec's economy. This could momentarily

between nations, but these linguistic groups.

What is saddest in these or hard movements—and this is a hard reality—is that by the case of Quebec—is the indivisibility of the problem, its global and total nature. They are not economic movements which could be studied by some number arrived at through negotiation. "What does Quebec want?" The answer has been long in coming on account of the wide sphere of the grievances and aspirations involved.

More and more Quebecers are now answering that they need the national, political and economic, to preserve and develop their culture. Recently the PQ government has stated that it would be ready to delegate some parts of essential political sovereignty to settle into an economic association with Canada as long as it would not endanger the development of Quebec's culture. In many ways, the Quebec case is the same as those which exist in other countries and must be settled by confrontation but by accommodation.

Why the present renaissance of these cultural movements in Quebec, in the case of Quebec, is an old problem which many thought had been settled decades ago coming to the fore of the political scene? It seems to me these movements parallel and complement the ecological movements which have also appeared lately in heavily industrialized countries. More and more people have become aware that the savage economic growth and technological development which we have experienced in last century destroy and pollute. Recently, the complexity of this disaster has been perceived. Our type of society not only destroys nature, but human resources and traditional patterns in a world culture. But there remains groups still proud of their way of living and of their traditional rhythms and they refuse to become interchangeable with the happy consumers of identical food, values and symbols. It doesn't think, regardless, whatever their results, will moderate that will to survive and develop, except for collectivists and people that have already reached the point of no return. Quebec has not.

Research groups have been established in several countries to study autonomy movements within Great Britain, France, Spain, Canada and elsewhere. It seems that there exists a wide common ground to the problem that these movements are ultimately cultural rather than economic. This does not mean that cultural alienation and depression have no economic repercussions on the general welfare of these groups and collectives, it does not mean either that these cultural movements are only concerned with the restoration of certain languages which have been suppressed or superseded by those of dominant groups or central states. Being "cultural movements" means they represent collective expressions of a search



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Marcel Rioux is a sociologist and a supporter of the Parti Québécois.

# Letters

## Childhood heroes



I would like to thank you for your article on comics and superheroes. *Heroes of Our Time* (May 15). I, myself, am a comic collector and one such bad one. I may add.

THE MICHIGAN LACHRYMUE

### Death, where is thy sting?

In the article *The Shadow of the Noose* (May 15), Robert Leves reported speaks of "hangings" and the "noose" when he should be speaking of the "death penalty." One of the current arguments against the death penalty says that hanging is barbaric. I agree. But while I have the taste of hang-

ing, I can see a lot of merit in doing away with a barbaric custom that was caused by expected to be rehabilitated or to ever become a useful member of society.

ALFRED E. HENZ, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

### Profile in chutzpah

I enjoyed Barbara Amiel's article, *Swinging in a Star* (April 2), where she speaks of Margaret Trudeau's chutzpah. Don't you think less of money in the bank account makes for a hell of a lot more courage? Most of us are wondering where our last Hazon is coming from. Let alone our last NORMAN FRANKIE. MISSISSAUGA, B.C.

### Defying definitions

Alden Nowlan's *Referendum Debate* column, *Of Course It's Impossible To Define "Canadian" But Don't It Really Matters?* (May 19), lets the cat out the bag.

BARBARA ALLAN, VANCOUVER

### Don't walk on the grasscoats

I thank Alise Forthright for his coverage of the Social Credit cooperation in his column, *The Crowning of a New Messiah* (May 29). He is certainly implying that Social Creditism are farmers and backwoodsmen. They are the very people who built this country. I think he would also find that most Canadians call dinner, "dinner," and supper, "supper."

WALTON HOOD, KETTERICK, SASK.

### Let there be Lightfoot

For Tom Hopton to say in *Gordon's Song* (May 1) that Gordon Lightfoot belongs "like a vermined pig farmer at his first union" is an aberration. Lightfoot made it

in Canada and I feel that that is itself speaks for his quality as an artist.

MRS. BRIAN GLE, NEWBORN, N.S.

Your article on Gordon Lightfoot was enlightening, and at times exciting. It was filled with both the customary praise and the caring comments that as most of his talent must come to expect. There is little doubt, for those who have followed his career, that both of these elements have been warranted. All one must do to examine his list of credits to be not only convinced but astonished at his achievements. There will come a time when his talent will be truly recognized—not as a necessary thing, but as a talent which dwarfs so many who are considered great.

BRIAN CURTIS, NEPEAWA, MAN.

I have been a fan of Gordon Lightfoot for as long as I have been listening to Canadian musicians. I feel that Lightfoot reflects his deep awareness of the history of his country in his songs. He would like to express his passion for Canada to the rest of us.

WAYNE P. KERR, SALMON RIVER, N.S.

### Sued up and shut

Barbara Amiel's anecdotal reflections on free speech in her column, *From Hyde Park Corner to Central Avenue* (May 29) were disturbing in their accuracy. The threat to free expression of ideas in our society is not coming from world-hedonism or lucky ministers. Rather, the danger is contained in liberal quarters where free speech is beginning to be considered "well, awkward."

JAMES P. FULL, TORONTO

## Subscribers' Moving Notice

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**Beavers among 'bears'**  
In William Lowther's article, *The Gathering Storm* (May 29), about the balance of power between the Soviet Union and the United States, we are left to conclude that the Russian, noncapitalist Soviets are once again preparing to conquer the world. Why is it always assumed that the Soviet arsenal is developed for destructive purposes, whereas the West's arsenal is assumed for purely defensive purposes? It is startling articles such as this which provide justification for vulgar anti-race.

ALAN BENSON, VANCOUVER

**You silly to be a soap**  
In his column, *Everything You Wanted To Ask About Canada But Were Afraid To Know* (May 15), Allan Fotheringham asks us if the televising of the Commons question period is reminiscent of *The Edge of Night*, its favorite soap opera. I find no resemblance whatsoever. In *The Edge of Night* the characters are clearly defined and consistent, events of plot happen rather quickly, and no one—absolutely no one—ever grasps and pounds on a desk!

I. JANE BOCK, TORONTO

**Playing for big bucks**  
I can only say hiwala to Andy Sandhu's *Referendum Debate* column, *Something Is Happening: Central Canada* (May 15). I say this not only as an Alberman, but as a writer who has watched with great anticipation the rise of power and clout in the West. It is true that "we kind of like being able to sit on the game," and I feel that the time has come for the East to realize that the West is playing for keeps.

JOHN DILL, TORONTO

Andy Sandhu tells it so it really is and I hope the people of Central Canada are starting to get the picture. His suggestion that a new system of representation is needed says it all in a nutshell.

C. PAUL STOREY  
PROVINCIAL ALMA

**The dog-eating world**  
It is with mixed feelings that I thank you for bringing the depravity of dog-eating to the attention of your readers in *Dying Like A Dog* (May 1). I promptly contacted the B.C. SPCA and was assured that there is no such thing happening in British Columbia just now, and that it would be promptly attended to if it should happen.

HELEN WILSON, VANCOUVER

In the article on dog-eating, William Lowther quotes Ranger Stewart Dowell who says: "If anyone ever did anything like that [killing to one of my animals] I would go right through his liver." How is it that we can condemn and condone violence in the same breath? Is it possible to control the violence of one group of people by using violence on them?

ARLON K. BERRA,  
REDDELL, ALTA.

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### National unity starts at home

After reading your interview with Gordon Pinsen (May 15) I feel that I must agree that we are not solving our problems of national unity. We need to make a con-



Pinsen: a life start of country breeding

certed effort at the grassroots level and to cease depending on government leaders to do it all for us.

JANET E. TAYLOR, MEMBER OF ONT.

### Canada's worst weekend

I disagree with your comments on Gilligan's Island (Pinsen, May 15) which you call "a metaphor for everything mediocre about television." Considering the absolute garbage that is seen on TV in prime time these days, we should be grateful that at least some half-decent, entertaining programs remain with us. After watching mediocre families, pudgy families and middle politicians, it's a relief to get away from so-called realistic programs and be entertained.

CAROLINE MARSHALL, BURLINGTON, ONT.

### Heck, a ren the pennies look good

Roy MacGregor's article, *Class Struggle* (May 15), about the Toronto Maple Leafs and playoff hockey struck a responsive chord. I suggest that the boring style of the Leafs and of many other NHL teams is not from choice but necessity. You can't play an exciting brand of hockey with too many stars dividing up the talent pool. The quality players are spread too thin. In New England the decline in the quality of the NHL product, and the exclusion in ticket prices has added to a rebirth of college hockey interest. The play is more consistently entertaining and the ticket prices are within the reach of families with children.

FORD W. PICKHAM, WYBURN, MAINE

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## Preview

When that Husky Oil matter is solved, it may still not be settled

Most of the battle sounds emanating from the Husky Oil take-over affair—a \$550-million-plus proposition—have so far been heard in the marketplace. But if the American buyer-in-waiting, Occidental Petroleum, should prevail over the Canadian government-owned Petro-Canada, there promises to be considerable clatter within the Liberal cabinet. The cabinet, under the Foreign Investment Review Act, must approve Occidental's purchase of Husky. But look to Energy Minister Alastair Gillespie, who is not just a nationalist but the man in charge of Petro-Canada, to urge rejection. And look to Trade Minister Jack Horner, free-trader-in-chief and opponent of Petro-Canada (at least when he was in the Tory Opposition) to come down on the side of Occidental. Whose argument will the prime minister support?

### Their kinde of towns

It is no easy thing to put a spotlight on Glenn Gould—except, of course, when he's sitting at the piano in front of a live audience. But film-maker John McGraw has convinced the semi-retired genius to take the world on a tour of Toronto. McGraw, who was responsible for last year's much acclaimed documentary on Lindy Buckingham, is in the midst of doing a series of 30-minute television documentaries on the world's great cities. Six are already in the can, including Elie Wiesel's Jerusalem, Mia Zetterling's Stockholm and Peter Ustinov's Liverpool. It was the last one that sold Gould.



McGraw and Ustinov in Liverpool: creating a loving eye

who saw it with McGraw in a private screening. Gould, having twiggled early in the screening as to McGraw's intent, confronted the producer-director squarely. "I've got it," he said. "You want me to do Glenn Gould's Onika [which in case there's confusion is where he grew up]."

### Drawing power

One of the hits of last year's Christmas season television was a half-hour of animated adventure called *A Cosmic Christmas*, among other things it made its makers a Toronto credit called Nevana Limited. That October, in a Halloween special, Nevana follows up with *The Devil and Daniel Mouse*, a re-



Devil Mouse and his imperilled go-titled beat the devil

real, animated version of the classic short story. *The Devil and Daniel Mouse*. It will run in English on the CMC and on a large number of American stations, and in French on Radio-Canada. By Nevana's reckoning, it works the company into the position of Canada's largest animation house, and one of the 10 largest on the continent. Another nice thing that has happened is that director George Lucas periodically chose Nevana to do a 30-minute segment for his *Star Wars* CBS special in November.

### The bird of all the people

The last Toronto mayoralty election brought out a field of candidates that included a neo-Nazi, a genuine clown and a fellow known only as Rat of the Universe. This fall's date

will undoubtedly include some of the above (or their equivalents) along with legitimate candidates along with a talking mynah bird named Rajah. Rajah, who has been sharing quarters with a fellow named Colin Kerr for 22 years, and who has been living in sun with a female mynah named Rani for some time, claims a talking relationship with such disparate people as John Diefenbaker, Arnold Palmer, Johnny Carson, Johnny Carter and the Pope. Not only that but he's been baptized in the United Church.

Since his majority opponents this time are as likely as not to include the Incredible Hulk and the Hulaide Stranger, his chances look good. Only the moral issue could sink him, and that will be contended in a few weeks, a Toronto rabbit, Ayne Zimmerman, will join Rajah and Rani in matrimony, body or otherwise.



Rajah and Zimmerman do you take this bird, etc.

# Canada

## Don't go away folks, there's big things ahead

Like a stripper at the start of the show, the federal government this month hunted one veil from the broad outlines of a bundle of reforms to change the nature of the nation. Five cabinet ministers fanned out to promote the changes to dress up support. Justice Minister Ron Lacombe flew in London and knelt the Queen on the hottest new act in her Dominion. Finally, after a year of schemata, the national stage was lit for a full-frontal display of the post—a bill called the *Constitution Act*—and for a national debate on what the fed's advance-billed as "a form of evolution."

When brought the capitolism of consensus someone was the peak at Pierre Trudeau's long-awaited scheme to change federal institutions and to write a genuine Canadian constitution within three years. The majority of the federal performance, after years of failure, was based on the assumption that time is running out for Ottawa's business-as-usual approach to the government in Quebec. Unlike the conventional news in English Canada, a Quebec consensus on the need for fundamental reform has crystallized. Conclusion one concerned federal planner: "We have to make some progress before the referendum in showing Quebecers that change is possible," he demonstrated in other words, that René Lévesque's sovereign-potential gambit is not the only trump and good around.

Consentivity for Pierre Trudeau's Liberals, though could do better on his proposals looking up to a federal provincial summit



In September, raised the prospect of steering the country's attention back to its main—national unity—and away from the political quicksand in the economic setting. In an effort to keep English Canada from, however, Trudeau's national unity brigade polemically monitored the prison sentences of Anglo premiers and potholes, since Lévesque's election in 1976. Stridently the lights that saw a fully sorted white paper titled *A Time for Action*. Whether the resulting view will be too late for Quebec, palates and too long for the rest of the nation will be determined by the public's this summer. The main arguments in the federal recap:

- Federal legislation known as Phase 1: to change national institutions and write a charter of basic rights by July 1, 1979.
- Federal-provincial agreement or Phase 2: on a new division of powers and incorporation of the Constitution from Westminster with a formula for made-in-Canada amendments by July 1, 1981—the 30th anniversary of the British statute that granted Canada independence, but kept the Constitution in Mother England.

Since 1927 there have been nine formal but business attempts to Consolidate the British North America Act and to provide for its amendment in Canada. Those efforts failed largely because of federal provincial disagreements, most notably at Victoria in 1971 when Quebec, under former premier

Robert Bourassa, balked at bringing the new Act home without guarantees of provincial autonomy in social policy. Rebuffing on the lack of success over 50 years, Premier Minister Trudeau declared: "We are saying that time will go ahead on our acts of jurisdiction whether the provinces agree or not."

Ottawa thus proposes to:

- Abolish the discredited Senate and create a new House of the Federation. If the members would be chosen by the provinces to reflect composition of their legislatures. Ottawa would name the others, again along party soundings in the Commons.
- "Federation" could only delay Commons legislation, not override it. But the new House would be given a special charter for legislation dealing with language questions. In contrast to the present Senate, representation from the West and Newfoundland would increase. The new House also would rally agreements to the Supreme Court and federal regulatory agencies such as the National Energy Board and the CRTC, which have a major impact on the regions.
- Expand the Supreme Court to 11 from nine members. French-Canadian which has not seen a judge on the court since 1962 effectively will be guaranteed a permanent seat along with two other appointments from the West. There would also be pro-



In the new constitution provinces will have a choice... they can either take it or lump it!

vince Robert Bourassa, balked at bringing the new Act home without guarantees of provincial autonomy in social policy. Rebuffing on the lack of success over 50 years, Premier Minister Trudeau declared: "We are saying that time will go ahead on our acts of jurisdiction whether the provinces agree or not."

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vince for four judges from Quebec (instead of the present three) while Ontario and Atlantic Canada would retain their one and one respectively.

■ Enrich a Charter of Rights and Freedoms in the new constitution in which the first time in 111 years, would present Ottawa's fundamental political and legal rights from laws and agencies of both levels of government—in effect, from Ottawa to most provinces. Unlike constitutional acts of Parliament, the charter could not be changed without both federal and provincial consent. The charter would guarantee that no crime could use both official languages in the federal field and in provinces where French is a linguistic minority. In the area of education, French- and English-language Canadians would be entitled to schooling in their mother tongue. But because provinces will be allowed to "opt in" to the charter as they see fit, however, the document would not override Quebec's Bill 100 or force Ontario to expand French-language schools unless those provinces opt in. Trudeau acknowledges that "this might not be rigorous enough for the revolutionaries," but he hopes that all governments eventually will join.

Clearly a long and rocky road awaits the federal government. Probably, Lévesque proposed the package delivery

million. Conservative leader Joe Clark and Quebec's liberal leader Claude Ryan changed that. Ottawa was going unconditionally without consulting the provinces. For Lévesque is opposed to a new upper house which might diminish the role of chief Alberta spokesman. Manitoba's Premier, Lloyd Axworthy, William Davis have endorsed a patching majority to the need for minority French rights in their provinces.

The words of the white paper clear to the task ahead in a form of cynical conservatism. It speaks of "national" and "constitutional" and "a new definition." In actual fact the success of the latest initiative will be determined by time-making, jaw-boning and negotiating. Not to mention the less appeal of the newest version of the constitutional hump and grid. ROBERT LEWIS

### You can't win 'em all

Since that's a choice, here's the national picture: members of the Law Reform Commission of Canada were scarcely surprised at the outrage that greeted their working paper on sexual offences earlier this month. "Parliament expects us to think unthinkable thoughts about the sexual acts that pasture and grace in the fields of law," men chairman Francis Muldoon. But so what? With an annual budget of more than \$2 million the federal law reformers have produced 27 working papers over the past five years and have not scarcely any of their audacious thoughts transformed into the law of the land.

The latest series of wordfalls at which the commission has chosen to hit includes a wide range of sexual offences and legislation that hark back to an era when the act of an uncle is a homicide. A whole set of Victorian laws survive the celebrated efforts of the past years. Pierre Trudeau to expel the state from the bedrooms of the nation. The last includes bewilderment, incest and even incest forbidding the seduction of a waiting virgin by a ship's captain. The commission would decriminalize all these acts provided they take place in private between consenting adults.

As well as discarding 30 sections of the Criminal Code, the commission wants to streamline and simplify several others. A category of "sexual assault" would replace the existing sections of rape, indecent assault of a female, sexual intercourse with the female-minded, and indecent assault on a male. Any touching of the sexual organs of another or the touching of another with one's sexual organ without consent would be an offence of sexual assault. Instead of a mixture of provisions to protect children, the commission recommends that sex with a child under 14 be a crime.

The proposal to allow incest between consenting adults naturally horrified hard-core fundamentalists. But asked Muldoon,

"How much should the state interfere in the private life, the individual law, to support better values?" he asked bluntly. "Is it reprehensible that it should impose a fine or jail sentence?" It is a sparrow against which we are directing the artillery." The law reformers would still make it a crime for persons in authority, including parents, relatives, guardians and employers, sexually to touch or assault a minor. Meanwhile, the commission must grapple with the realization that in recent proposals tell short of the expectations of professionals who deal with the psychological aftermath of sexual charges. The constant probing by police, judges and therapists can be more harmful than the act itself. Childs can be psychologically damaged by court proceedings and the report suggests questioning take place in a family-style room. But as Muldoon points out: "It is all the questioning from strangers that hurts. It doesn't really matter if you're in a hurry atmosphere, or if you're dressed up in Santa Claus costumes."

Given the commission's widespread hunting strategy, Muldoon wisely argues his proposals are tentative. He said he will use working papers in the way others use



Muldoon (right) and his co-chairman, Jean-Louis Baudouin, when will they ever learn

caution—a breath of fresh air and they the Public opinion will likely force the commission to water down their proposals before they present their final report to Parliament. That does not trouble Muldoon, as he is holding his knee until the public catches up. Former chairman Patrick

Hanna argues that legislation is not the environmentalist's past, and prefer to think of the reformers as the Buck Rogers of our time: the ideas are radical, new, but sooner or later they will become conventional wisdom.

FRUSTRATED ENVIRONMENTALIST

## ONTARIO

### God's will be done

Ontarians may have considered the approach hard-edged, but the document proposed by St. John's School in Clarendon, Ontario, was never more in evidence than during the memorial service for 12 of its pupils and one teacher who drowned.

The question will take on less non-political space as the inquest in Ville-Marie, Que., where the disaster will occur, among other things, conflicting reports about what conditions under which the 27 boys and their four teachers set out in four canoes (which overturned into the shifting water) and whether the boys had been properly prepared for the trip. Although all were wearing life jackets, not all could swim, and questions remain about whether the students (aged 12 to 14) and their instructors had sufficient training to tolerate and frost.

The accident focused attention, not all of it favorable, on school education in Ontario.

## Downright un-neighbourly

The Great Canadian-American Fish War of 1976 will get down as one of the classic confrontations of our times. In the first place, there is no war, hardly as much has been harked in anger. And in the second, all agreement to an early and peaceful resolution of the conflict exists, the largest right of fisheries in both countries to fish each other's waters.

It says something about the even level of official Canadian-U.S. relations that no serious clash has occurred. But certainly the potential for that lovely diplomatic complexion, as modest, is there. On the East Coast, U.S. trawlers have been more than a little enthusiastic in pursuit of scallop and peacock. On the West Coast a one or two of their young salmon snappers seem to have found its way to Canadian shores. These business offenses—and the delivery pace of negotiations—provoked Don Johnston's June 2 suspension of the reciprocal fishing agreement, an act for which the external affairs minister was quickly dubbed "the Godfather." The suspension sparked a flurry of ministerial messages, but not much more—only a decision to resume bargaining June 19.

The question of why may fish where, and when, is the first, but not the most important one on the agenda. At stake, also, is ownership of oil and mineral rights on the ocean bed. The Georges Bank, for example, claims 11 million acres of North Atlantic shelf in addition to as much as 530 million hectares of oil and up to 3.5 billion cubic feet of natural gas. Enough

energy in short, to make Canada's \$1.5-billion fishing industry a pretty steady by-companion.

Canada contends that the sea boundary should follow a line equidistant from both countries, which would give it control of about one-third of the 17,000-square-mile bank. The American proposal follows the contours of the continental shelf, leaving the U.S. with a huge new reservoir of hydrocarbon deposits. The same dispute is brewing on the Pacific, where the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the so-called Dixon Entrance are the Aleutian coast are in dispute. Both legal arguments have visually found favor in the world court. "In those matters," notes George Hensen, secretary-treasurer of the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union, "Canada has a history of taking tough and winning cases.... like a cream-puff."

The handling of the Pacific fish war underlines the fact that at the diplomatic level relations between Canada and the U.S. have seldom been warmer. But grassroots sentiment is something else again, and there are recent signs along the longest, undivided border in the world—1,600 miles—that the Canadians are all that clamored of the Canuck—

## The welcome has worn a little thin

Kaliisp, Montana, tucked into a cove on the Flathead Valley 65 miles below the U.S. border, has long been a playground for Canadians who seek a sun in a wealth of bargain buys and Olympia beer in a town that seems to have a bar on every corner. The walls of the Hole in the Wall Bar on Main Street are covered with

million dollar bills and postcards. "I consider me more inclined to hang around on Main Street than to frequent local stores. The year I got to be \$100,000 much for the Chamber of Commerce. Its members surveyed thousands of dollars worth of damage to hotel buildings and wrecks, counted up a list of people in vehicles that had been burned, and tallied it up to show that more than 300 Canadians had been jailed during the three days. That, the chamber agreed, was enough. Canadian Days would be no more.



Some typical Kaliisp: all street scenes in this year's Canadian Day Festival. The wrong looks came, the right stayed away.

bandaged wood planks that identify customers the way front Alberta's Ontario. Bernad Barber-Dunn described them as pretty much regulars—and they know how to spend. But over the past three years, the international romance based on lower taxes and a C. Penny price has lost much of its lustre. Finally last month, Kaliisp filed for divorce.

The Victoria Day weekend had always been Kaliisp's most peaceful whorl-up, and in honor of the holiday the town closed the three days of nonreturning "Canadian Days" way back in 1955. Canadian Days ran on successfully for 20 years as a loose and lucrative handicrafts-in-the-bazaar festival in the winter-winter community of 20,000 that "it all swayed the snow off our boots," says one veteran resident. Carnivals, soccer games, tournaments and logging displays along with the biggest sales of the year drew thousands of Canadians, most of them families, many of them returning year after year.

Then in 1975, Montana dropped its drinking age to 18—and suddenly the Ca-

"We just decided it was too much hassle," says Mayor Norma Hopp. The people who used to come down were gone, and we got along better. Everybody here looked forward to it all winter. But now we get a different type. That different type, about between 20 and 25 per cent less in Kaliisp's stores during their first trip, and all seem to be Kaliispers were willing to share the blame. Said one merchant: "Some of the boys were really giving them—\$4.50 for a six-pack of Coors" (supermarket prices average \$1.80). But one barman explained: "Last year they damn near tore the joint down. That line they paid for the damage before they did it. And another bar manager doesn't have any trouble at all. I don't worry—I'm sorry to see them off a cliff. Canadians can't fight, anyway. They always duck their heads when they swing—and that makes them a bounce a dream."

BENJ. BAROQUE

Peter and Joella Croft, parents of Brian, one of the 12 drowned boys, holding each other outside St. John's keeping faith.

order this month doing a catering assistant on Lake Umbagog in northern Ontario. While headmaster Frank Follen acknowledged the grief of 450 women who parented a war-torn Toronto church in the aftermath of a tragedy that attracted media attention from as far away as Australia, he devoted most of his address to a passionate defence of a private Christian school whose ancient philosophy demands they push themselves to that mental and physical limits. "I am now sure what we are doing is right," said Follen, although he admitted he had a problem understanding why God allowed the accident to happen. "Those boys were all young Christians."



The 1976 Canadian Day Festival in Kaliisp, Montana. The wrong looks came, the right stayed away.

ad hoc view. In New England, lumbermen are complaining that Quebec and New Brunswick lumberjacks are crossing the border illegally to work for cut-price wages. On the Great Lakes there are no wage disputes over pollution, each side blames the other. Montana residents are

still concerned about the environmental damage of North Dakota's Geyser Dam. The same concern applies in Montana, where Snakehead's Popular River Project has the border population in an uproar. And Father says there are more than a Seattle City Light proposal to

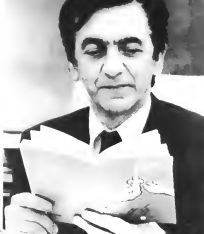
that the Reds will find R.C.'s portion of the Skeg Valley. All of this—plus the brief breathers over scallops and salmon—suggests that the recent glow of Ottawa-Washington relations may be as short-lived as that mist.

SPECIAL PUNTER  
WITH CORRESPONDENT'S EYES

## QUEBEC

### Father knows best

The shock of black hair placed by a fresh dye job for the occasion on psychiatrist Camille Lévesque solemnly preceded his most therapy plan to rid Quebecers of their "cultural underdevelopment" and usher in a new and "autonomous" age. But the cultural development measures' long-delayed white paper had not intervened in a bit of a cure. Premier René Lévesque's heavy hand of moderation had eased some of the prescribed state intervention from the weekly document (March 12, 1978) before its release in early June, a time carefully chosen to coincide with the onset of summer upcity. Though the government wanted to avoid charges of authoritarianism, prices that the policy is at least paternalistic toward that in the symbol addressing the white paper's cover: a firm adult hand delivering a blue-dye to the grasp of a child. The state, argues the policy, must save Quebecers



Louis Robitaille and Vaiguere (left), the future will not be taking care of itself

from themselves.

In their opinion of underachievement for example, Quebecers in being a "non-fusion" of values and cultures on with foreign say. "The remedy? Mortgage loans should in future be tied to 'social and cultural' preconditions. The white paper treats Quebec as though it were a model railroad where authoritarian requires coherence and attention to the finest detail. "Cultural democracy is the official slogan for the policy, but euphemism fails to hide the government's belief that Quebecers are incapable of deciding their own housing conditions. "Very little can be expected from participation in planning if it is not provided and accompanied by widespread diffusion of information and the appropriate incentives.

The essential purpose of the cultural development policy is the assertion of Quebec from a province to a country by changing the mentality of its citizens.

"A province is not transformed into a nation by rewriting constitutions but by building state

by state, day after day with patience and endurance: the conditions in which a culture can thrive." Nowhere is this strategy clearer than in the white paper's attitude on education which, it says, is the "training pass for cultural development." The schools it says should reach young Quebecers with a sense of "being deeply rooted in a country."

Adult minds are not neglected. The government proposes creation of a specialized Quebec news agency in which "senior officials or administrators of public corporations would represent the government's interests." The state's Radio-Quebec television network is also to be expanded with a mission, in Lévesque's words, to "reflect the future of Quebec." Future media roles would be subject to government scrutiny to "safeguard democracy" from the "more or less obscure powers no less to be feared than the totalitarian state." Senior official statements to these non-Quebecers to relinquish existing control of media in the province in the case, planning absence from a policy vigorously blue-printed by a cautious cabinet in which Lévesque's misanthropic cloaks with the head-and-behind concerns of a government that wants, above all, to ensure voters in the referendum its independence approach.

Determined not to let Lévesque best down

his objections as he did last year over language policy, Lévesque recruited a new minister of cultural affairs into the cabinet to counterbalance the absence of Cultural Development Minister Lévesque. An unexpected death of the white paper was sitting on the premier's breakfast table when the new minister, Denis Vaiguere, was summoned to learn of his promotion on Brodeur's tough and politically shrewd as the minister for the late premier Maurice Duplessis' old riding of Trois-Rivières. Vaiguere walked out of Lévesque's office with the white paper under his arm and a mandate to work his own way. Despite its coming down, the white paper was still termed "intellectual" by the Liberal opposition which said it is obviously the ideological foundation for the Parti Québécois's re-election campaign. Most politicians and columnists reserved final judgment for concrete government actions to be taken in the name of the white paper and few trusted it as a strategy as did Lévesque who grudgingly declared, "It is above all in the name of this culture, now defined and in full growth that the Quebec people will soon choose its future." It appeared, however, that the policy will be applied with a little strength of hypocrisy. Lévesque himself pulled in the smoke of an over-praised cigarette as he presented the document which includes a commitment to raise a generation of nationalists within 10 years. Similarly the government, whose new cultural policy declares war against alcoholism, had only days earlier authorized the sale of beer and wine seven days a week in corner grocery stores. DAVID THOMAS

## ALBERTA

### The patients' dilemma

Hilke Hedley is a Fort McMurray, Alberta housewife with a \$10,000-a-month battle. A victim of Crohn's disease, the 30-year-old woman is trapped nearly all the time by her bowel problems. Since her body can no longer absorb normal food, she would starve without a regular diet of an expensive high-protein fluid that she takes through a tube in her chest.

Alberta Health Care bills the \$240-a-day cost of her treatment is limited, but not home treatments, although the patient would cost only \$15 a day there. But Crohn's doesn't cover it at all. So Hedley faced an unpleasant set of alternatives earlier this month when she was home. The patient would be strapped on her face if she returned to hospital, although she is feeling "badly as a house." Otherwise, she and her retired mother husband, Wes, would have to pay the \$10,000 a month for her diet until their next visit. Then they could go on as well, which would supply the patient free.

That Crohn's situation was first brought to the attention of the provincial government last fall by the Canadian Foundation for Bowel and Colon. The government, says Hedley, did "absolutely nothing." But

with her case to focus attention on the problem, the foundation launched a lobby that produced thousands of letters, 1,500 from the tiny community of Fort Macleod alone. The provincial government hurriedly backpedaled and announced it would supply "total parenteral nutrition" to the patient in a bed, free to anyone needing it subject to a doctor's approval.

The cost was a minute matter for a province that likes to boast that the lowest

Hedley and the approach she requires to feed herself: scores are for common sense



costs in Canada, but the Hedley case brought home to Albertans what the province's medical profession, backed by opposition politicians, has been complaining about for the past three years: health services are an unsustainable waste in the province of plenty. While the government was urging Hedley into hospital for her problems, thousands of other Albertans were waiting, some for as long as three months for an empty hospital bed. Hospitals have been shaking down estate wraps and cutting services because they say they can't afford them. The Calgary General Hospital for instance, faces possible cuts as soon as the latest improvements were ordered six years ago and board chairman Len Roberts says the Gate of "has done all the things we had money for" but that still leaves the hospital \$1.5 million short of safety standards—and a \$100,000 deficit in April was an ominous reminder of the problem.

Hospital Minister Gordon Mosley has hit his snafu on spending in 1975, he had a year in provincial treasurer when he complained that hospital operating costs had jumped 40 percent. As soon as he changed portfolios he told hospitals to hold spending increases to less than 10 percent. There was an error, both sides, waiting lists grew. Mosley now moved to curtail new building after a study found that hospital construction in Alberta since 1970 had cost

18 per cent more than comparable construction for hospitals elsewhere in Canada. He blamed "over-elaborate design, excessive facilities, unnecessary beds, and Catholic standards."

Alberta's health-care costs have topped \$700 million, the biggest single item in the province's \$3.6-billion budget and Mosley's supporters argue that paupered Albertans have become too accustomed to easy hospital admission. One study found that Albertans have the highest rate of elective surgery in the country, double Newfoundland's rate. Health-care programs mean less—\$91.50 per capita per year compared to Ontario's \$128.30. If Alberta can afford to abolish per capita, making positive 20 cents a gallon (the per capita that other provinces) the situation there. Albertans shouldn't have to live up for hospital beds. Trouble is that logs, contain a Cask 22 of more, for Albertans to enjoy until hospital provides the cost of gas to be twice more to double to \$1.40 a gallon. KATHLEEN DUNN

MONTREAL 5-JUNE-78 1578

## The red man's burden

In quest of the elusive Northwest Passage, Captain James Cook wandered into a bay on the west coast of Vancouver Island 200 years ago to report his horrid days. His story and Discovery. When the centenary anniversary of his voyage reached the ears of B.C.'s energetic tourism sector, Grace McCarthy she thought of a push of a gimmick to lure people and which he provided for a business deal. Cook out. The staff named up a Cook look-alike to 45-year-old Vancouver actor who is now touring the province, in costume. There'll be a sailing race in July, rapidly following Cook's route from Hawaii. And British Columbia is being asked to wait a "Super Cruise" this year as welcome tourists compared to last year's more "Special Service." Unfortunately, a harmless enough exercise in good business and good fun.

However, the descendants of the Vancouver Island Nootka Indians who sat-



ated Cook in 1778 have been a good deal less enthusiastic about the festivity that Grace McCarthy. Their oral history holds that Cook and his men stole their food, ravaged their women, and left a legacy of venereal disease, bitterness and lack of

**Cook apparently making nice with the Indians, old history, as usual, tell lies?**

trust for all these people. What is worse, argue that Cook was fanatical about his men's health, kept them well disciplined and that the Nootka are confusing Cook with later traders (for all that, the *Book of James Cook* No. 6 on the list of human mythology). But in keeping with the Nootka version, George Wells, chairman of the West Coast Indians Council of Chiefs, said the Nootka people would not be "participants in the Captain Cook bi-centennial celebrations because the celebrations have nothing to do with the history of our people."

By way of trying to be friendly, the B.C. government offered to build a longhouse for the Nootka at Friendly Cove, where Cook had seen their chief, Mowacha, but the latter-day Indians wanted more. Once a program of village of 1,500 Friendly Cove now has a replica built only five and the Nootka feel the government should help put it back on its economic feet. They asked for a new house, five salmon to fish, a ferry, a stadium, a new site, a TV tower, a sewer system—and the longhouse as well. Grace McCarthy found some demands "beyond the financial and moral capability, frankly, of the government," so the Nootka declined Friendly Cove as a friendly—its first of four—12 all-volunteer, but began a campaign to make their version of Cook's landing better known.

Last May in Port Alberni, they showed out McCarthy with drums and chants when she started into a speech and eventually they drove her from the platform. The Indians have designed their own T-shirt—a design of a ship lost in the fog with the words COOK THE CAPTAIN COBBLER across it—is a pun on one with the official logo. A counter-bi-centennial celebration is set for the end of June in Victoria. Meanwhile, the B.C. government continues to hope the magic of Cook's name will work in tourism, conveniently forgetting that Cook himself established a standard vacation habit for British Columbia. In 1778, he spent the winter in Hawaii.

MARK REDDEN

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## The woman who couldn't escape her past

Early last April 27th, just after escaping an arranged marriage in Algeria and fleeing to Canada, Dalila Zaghari was childhood her troubles were over. She was about to graduate from Concordia University in Montreal, she had been accepted at graduate school, and in August she would be eligible for Canadian citizenship. "I feel safe," she told friends. This is my home now. But when she disappeared at the end of April—tripped after an evening with her two sisters pushed through Dorval airport in a wheelchair to a waiting car—and flown back to Algeria—it was clear that she was still tangled in a complex mystery of religion and culture, clear that she could have been written by Leo Arberber.

Born and raised a strict Muslim in El Eulma, a village 217 miles south of Algiers, Dalila Zaghari had met Denis Maschino in an English literature class at the University of Algiers in 1974. They fell in love and planned to escape in 1976 after

**Denis and Dalila Maschino in Montreal. It looks can find a way, so can old traditions**

finishing their course. But Maschino's father, Dalila's brother, who had become the family patriarch after the death of his father, arranged another marriage for her. He had lived twice before without success, this one seemed certain.

However, before the marriage he decided that Dalila should be abandoned at a wedding in Egypt. The trip involved a stopover in Geneva, where Dalila and Denis secretly arranged to meet. With the sympathetic co-operation of Swiss police they escaped to Paris where they were married. They then escaped to Canada.

On the eve of her abduction, Dalila told that the family court had subpoenaed that her brother would not try to bring her back to Algeria. An aunt, uncle and two of her sisters were visiting Montreal and she spent the evening of April 24 with them at a Spanish restaurant. But after drinking some beer he, she passed out. When she awoke, consciousness, she was in Algeria.

Montreal Gazette reporter Steve Kowich managed to reach her by telephone in El Eulma. She said she was being kept under guard and she sounded frightened and hopeless. "I think I am lost," she told Kowich, adding that she would be marrying her brother's choice at month's end. Kowich asked her if she had any message for Denis Maschino. "Just to Denise," she said. "To Denise at everything." And, "I will love him forever." Maschino promptly went into hiding.

External Affairs officials have been in touch with Algerian representatives, but are waiting for a decision from the Quebec Ministry of Justice and Northern Affairs to see if kidnapping charges can be laid. Even if they are, Maschino and his wife would not necessarily be reunited, since Canada and Algeria have no extradition treaty.

GRABHAM FLEWER

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# I, Stephen

## The Rise of the Roman Empire

Stephen Roman commands even as he sits uncomfortably on a slushy divan. The head of the Roman empire, as some wryly refer to him, wears probably the most comfortable of headsets of columns of gold, making orders with stoic monotony. But even here in his office—on the 16th floor of the 30th floor of Toronto's Royal Bank Plaza—the troops arrive around him with pre-portioned portions. His self-confidence is palpable. Like the small of carefully cut flowers kept forever fresh in the office. The self-confidence doesn't come from simply having wealth—over \$100 million worth. Or even from being the head of Drexel Burnham Lambert, party to the biggest insurance sale in history. It's something entirely personal. It leaves out renewed office workers waiting precisely. "Sometimes I think even the flowers are lagged." It's a power blur and note, then a smile over the notes of employees, politicians and fellow capitalists alike. Just as his short, compact frame meanders over the lush carpet past the curved spindly legs of expensive furniture. "I am a brat," says Roman to explain his struggle. "I'm not a brat and a person satisfied with temporal values, there is a great difference."

Roman is not aware that out there, beyond the rust-colored window, he is seen as a 19th-century robber baron, a voracious champion of corporate profits. The crest of "empire" that accompanied the Drexel sale this year of 136 million pounds of insurance to Citicorp, the \$47 billion (part of a larger, \$73 billion deal), were almost expected.

True, he stands to make a net worth of \$600 million in the 30-year contract he, as he would anybody else here, he says, he really won't get to make money? Most people would put him in the money. So why should he care he's not, talk about the true goal in his life? As a devout Catholic he already has a confessor, he says. A backup, in fact, whom he has seen regularly for the past 14 years. But even Stephen Roman, who is always expecting to be killed, who can be so uncomfortable as a ball standing on columns

worth to be understood sometimes.

So this time he talks. About the fact that creation, pure and simple, guided his classic style of riches career. About his psychic vision. Once, he saw in detail the death of his nephew even though he was thousands of miles away. About his responsibilities to Montreal (he always says it with a capital M) that still has with some "should-don't" like building a church north of Toronto.



like spending over \$700,000 to test a new respiratory disease treatment, like opening his coffers to test a controversial "cancer cure"—called Gause—bought from by an Ontario nurse for over 30 years. He does all of this because he knows that "unless you grow spiritually with the wisdom, the mental fitness you need."

Somehow it's that surprising to discover later on that astrologer and psychic Jeanne Dixon, who met Roman at a White House dinner 10 years ago through an old friend Richard Nixon, told a television audience

Roman was a "man of destiny." "He has been touched by God," she said. "Through his answers we will have a breakthrough on cancer in 1981." "Quite simply, what Roman wants people to know is that no matter how he is perceived, he is a spiritual man. His bottom line is faith. He just doesn't—on himself. Drexel Burnham Lambert, a Catholicism and the crucifixion of Slovakia, the country of his birth. "Everybody is part of this earth as perfect a divine plan," he says. "Most who were my soul."

It certainly took little at 16 years of age for Roman to leave his mother behind in Slovakia and emigrate to Canada with an older brother. He was a young agricultural student but he worked his way as a farm hand, then a mercantile plant worker, playing the stock market, writing notes and knowing some. It took faith to continue speculating after selling out some gold claims for \$15,000, only to find out later he could have had \$300,000. As with most discoveries, it was partly luck that landed him with the right stake at Elliot Lake, north of Lake Superior—a happened to end up being one of the largest uranium deposits in the world. But it took the kind of hard-nosed maneuvering Roman is famous for to put together the \$59 million needed to build Drexel Burnham.

Even so, Roman's self-doubt is not universally shared. Not by the public—he calls them the "mob"—who twice deflected him when he ran as a Conservative federal candidate in a riding east of \$200,000. Not by the politicians—he calls them "creations of the mob"—who have been his natural enemies. Certainly not by the cabinet heads of Royce. They simply distrust him. He is not the typical success. They still smell the smell of the young man, promoter about him. There are the vague hints that he must have done something "crooked" to have made so much money so fast. His public defense of right-wing, free-enterprise individualism at a time when most of its proponents feel betrayed and misused leaves them suspicious. Lester B. Pearson once told him he was "50 years behind the times" because of his fatal view







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Roman seems to have recovered its Middle East touch. Nuclear reactors are taking on a larger role as a source of energy. And the world price of uranium has skyrocketed (from \$14 a pound to \$71 to \$45 currently), thanks in part to the operation of an international uranium cartel from 1972 to 1975 (which Canada helped to initiate along with South Africa, Australia, and France), but also because of the pressure from the oil crisis. So in 1976, when Ontario Hydro wanted negotiations with Denison and Rio Algon Ltd. (an affiliate of Precious Metals, the other company in the deal) to create an adequate supply for its \$14-billion nuclear reactor program, the endowment was strong enough to sweep away the most

Miners going off with a blast (above) and one of the rock crushers at work in Ontario (below): a rare infotainment

successfully planned forecasts. The bill was going to be very steep. Ontario was a lonely island that while it possessed most of the uranium in the country, the usual full-on federal jurisdiction for security reasons. The province pushed the federal government to create a two-price system, with oil, or at least to pressure Denison by connecting export permits. But the idea wasn't buying. Ontario Hydro even considered the possibility of buying out Denison's uranium assets—setting up a special team which did its work so secretly that it wasn't discovered until much later. (Results are available: "They wouldn't let the papers out of the office. We were looking them up on a side. We were going around like a bunch of apes.") Hydro and the Ontario government ultimately decided against that route, mostly because it wasn't in line with Conservative philosophy on public

ownership. When Roman found out about the maneuvering, he was furious. But ultimately he was the one who fashioned the deal, who decided to take the advice of his good friend Ontario Premier Williams (Roman calls him "Billy") Davis and give Ontario consumers a reason for slightly less than the world price.

Nonetheless, when Ontario opposition critics finally saw the deal when it was made public at the end of last year, they were appalled. It's typically calling for no consultation of Denison. Curiously, in the light of the dramatic increase in the price of uranium, it seemed that the least Hydro could have done was to buy shares

in Denison like so many other investors. A nervous Denison refused the contract to a select committee for approval rather than take the back seat. But after holding 18 meetings and hearing 16 witnesses, the divided committee failed to approve or offer alternatives, even though the committee's own staff had concluded that any penny below the world price was a saving.

It's true that Denison has what amounts to a guaranteed annual income for 30 years—a minimum profit of \$5 per pound of uranium, plus half the difference of the world price. Denison and Precious both got about \$100 million in a recent stock boom (\$25 million of which goes to Den-

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ton, immediately to expand the operations of the mines. But Hydro can pull out of the deal if the price of uranium bottoms out, the province gets almost \$650 million in taxes, and 2,500 jobs will be created in Elliot Lake. And even at the \$7.5-billion price tag, uranium is still the cheapest source of energy, amounting to about two cents per kilowatt-hour. To produce the same amount of energy with Alberta coal would cost \$65 billion, or with oil, \$67 billion. Steel counted for the consortium, Alcoa-Schwarze. "There is nothing that leads me to believe that Roman ripped off the consortium in this case," Roman himself insists, adding the deal against some inner yardstick, "it's a fair deal in the air and says clearly, 'I want to emphasize to you that Ontario Hydro has a good deal'."

Public critics in a just badground want to forgive Roman. "The crisis just didn't come for me," he says. But it makes that doesn't have success or perhaps he is one of them, the final beneficiaries of being "accepted" has always been denied him. He certainly has the rags. He has the required 75-room country mansion, a half-hour by helicopter from Toronto, with an 1,200 acres of prime land, its carefully planned trees, its well-to-do marble, its country gentleman's library with a fireplace that Roman keeps blazing when guests come for dinner. He has the beginnings of a dynamic family—seven children, two of whom work for Denison. He

has the Guinness II jet. He has the right hobby—racing prize-winning Italian Ferraris. (One three-year-old made the Guinness Book of Records when it sold for \$65,000.) He has been awarded two honorary doctorates of law. His dedication to the church—he has a private mass said in the Greek liturgy every Sunday afternoon in his house—has been recognized by Pope John XXIII who awarded him the order of Knight Commander of St. Gregory the Great. And he was the first and only Canadian jury member to the Vatican Ecumenical Council in Rome.

But all that, in the vast world of Canadian money, makes him seem like an out-of-date Renaissance man. After he built one of the most luxurious retreats in Tyfled City in the Bahamas, two Canadian women managed to keep Roman out of the local club. The club quickly rejected it, but Roman was sooting that it took a number of appeals before he would consent to join. But perhaps the women are right that Roman is not a full-fledged member of the establishment as that he is not on the board of any chartered bank. "I guess nobody offered it to me," he says. And then adds emphatically, "Anyway, I don't have time to be on other people's boards."

In the world of buy and sell where emotion and instinct play an important role to expertise and facts, Roman's non-establishment status does make a difference. Those analysts and investment connections

who have been hooked by Roman's power and performance—"We're a small group of us," says one—don't seem to mind his club. In their estimate, his stock has always been undervalued. A portfolio manager explains why rather bluntly. "If Roman was a Scot, his stock would be selling for much more. It's as simple as that. Hanks are not supposed to make much money." It's true. Roman has kept Denison relatively debt-free, but his character is not designed to put nervous investors at ease. He is notoriously autistic. He runs Denison as if it were a "one man business," as one analyst put it, and is very rarely in touch with the outside world. He controls directly or indirectly about one-third of the stock. A former director of Inco Corp. (his holding and exploration arm) recalls annual meetings that lasted a mere 12 minutes. At Denison annual meetings, questions would often go unanswered. "All his employees hold him in fearful awe," said a consultant who worked for him briefly. "That's no way to live." He avoids subordinates by making all major decisions alone, usually after a good night's sleep, and always according to his own inner values. He's been known to disregard completely the advice he's given. Once he paid a U.S. consultant \$5,000 to work on an election campaign strategy, only to ignore it. The consultant, Mulvey, remembers Roman's first words to him, "I'm me and I don't want to be anyone else."



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It's shortly after the Hydro deal, and the Toronto offices of Nathan Thomson Securities are overflowing with returning moneybags (and one woman) from Bay Street. Stephen Roman is doing the rounds—he is actually going round through a cold lunchbox of potato salad and corned beef and explains himself. In their own inquisitive way, the buyers and sellers sense that it may be time to revivify him. After a number of lean years, Denison stock is enjoying a turnaround. After plunging to a low of \$18 in 1971 (from a high of \$67 in 1967), the stock has slowly advanced to around \$67. In fact, Denison is moving to buy more additional deposits in Saskatchewan. Roman is in that group with some friends, to meet long-past orders. (As it turned out, Denison was later frozen out by a matching bid from the Saskatchewan Mining and Development Corp.). In a neat blue suit, his face always somewhere between a glare and a grin, Roman lives up to expectations. He takes a swipe at the "socialist-minded" government for encroaching on profits. He declares the English parliamentary system the best in the world. He claims the deficit of the Conservative in the French elections (on behalf of the Bloc Québécois). Roman's great hope is to see Russian influence on (Soviet) His answer for the risk of society is to give all workers a participation in profits—an easily understandable motive for working. He has even published a book (called *The Re-*



Roman holding the book he co-authored: a designer's version of a "better world"

signable Society, written with economist Eugen Lovick, a former Czechoslovakian government official) which sets out his own grand design. Now, if one can just apply the Judeo-Christian philosophy to economics...

...this analysis is important. He was also got beyond "all this philosophical stuff." It's all very well for the head of a corporation to have a philosophy, but what he wants is something a bit more tangible. Roman is full of assurances. Denison's ventures into Mediterranean oil explorations and coal in Alberta and B.C. will pay off, he says. And as for the price of oil—well, even if new deposits are found, the world needs by 1985 will go up to anywhere from \$55 to \$110 per barrel. It's easy to believe the old mining promoter. His faith feeds the room. But the question must be asked, and someone asks. If Denison has such terrific potential, why does he think the stock sells at a comparatively low price? The Ontario Hydro study to buy out Denison, after all, had put the value of the stock for Hydro's purposes at \$155 a share. Roman gives way to one of his very occasional public outbursts. "The next price of the oil-bushiness," he says, beginning an old resentment. "One has to live that down. There are people who don't like my type of character because I am non-conformist. People say, 'We don't know what Roman will do tomorrow.' They don't understand my commitment." Perhaps not, but within a few days of the launch of the Bay Street chapter was that Denison is looking more and more interesting, and its stock has been climbing steadily, setting well above \$70 a share this month. Maybe it's just Roman faith that works again. ☐

Northrop's latest engine, Right: tested prototype of the land-based CF-18L, and the multirole F-18 Hornet for the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps



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In Switzerland, Northrop is conducting an industrial partnership program very much like the comprehensive Canadian program, and Northrop continues to meet or exceed all commitments for industrial participation.

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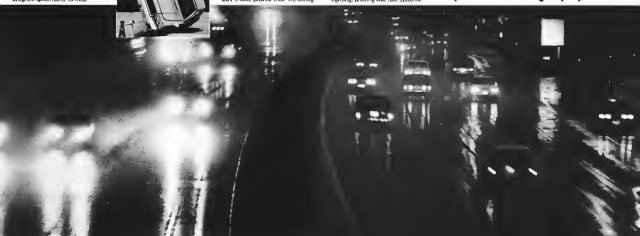
value in head-on and rear end collisions, side-swaps and roll-overs. This research has contributed immeasurably to the overall safety of all Toyotas now on the road. Nevertheless, accident prevention is still far preferable to collision resilience. A prime example of this kind of thinking is Toyota's Electro Sensor Panel, an information system which monitors, detects and warns of any malfunction in the lighting, braking and fuel systems.

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# TOYOTA

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# No fear of flying

Superman was there when Margot Kidder needed him By Marci McDonald

It is, after all, a typical contemporary plot line: The story of a heroine in search of her freedom, a free-lance free spirit who fell in and out of love with unfettered abandon, who leaped in and out of her career with restless aplomb, and finally took to jumping off mountaintops, seeking the ultimate uplift. But like many modern heroines, she had a run-in with gravity and a prize who turned out to be a dog, but a variety of birdyard boos. Now, as Margot Kidder picks herself up and dusts herself off, the effects that might not make it into the script, although she is much too busy at the moment to write it. For more than a year, she has been back-pursuing her career and her freedom in mid-air—this time with the aid of a 100-foot crane.

After a tirade last December in "interviews" of the year quest for Scarlett O'Hara, Kidder finds herself wedded to blue cliffs and suspended from steel wires in Lois Lane. Clark Kent's mid-

eastern Daily Planet job, as a \$10-million, two-picture production of Superman, surrounded by the more contentious secrecy that the continued publicity machinery of two continents can do.

In New York, reporters were summoned to location shooting with cryptic telephone messages and just-come-rundown.

New in London, where the first pictures are still being filmed more than 12 months later, no visiting journalists are allowed on the set. "Margot is flying," explains the publicist, linking at the unscripted (but taking place on board King Two, where Lois Lane is currently being transported across the world in 90 seconds in the most of steel's arms. Kidder sits briefly in a dressing room between flights, chewing bubblegum and sipping champagne.

"They don't want anybody to see the wires," she chortles. "I said to them, 'What do you mean, you don't want anybody to see the wires? You don't think they're going to believe we'll put on a dog?'"

At 29, Kidder's face is still friendly ingenuous. The years of near-miss situations have failed to subdue her with the slightest

protest for privacy. "Flying is just a part of being," she protests. "I mean, most of the time we just stand there, bending at the waist in the wind machines, while they throw birds just over heads."

Sometimes the birds crash. Sometimes the actors do, hopefully entangled in aerial flight wires. One simple maneuver costarred 68 takes as Christopher Reeve, the square-jawed 29-year-old chosen to keep old buildings in a single bound, couldn't quite negotiate takeoff from an apartment balcony. On another occasion, the crane production almost proved to be a bit when it was discovered that the wind machines blew Superman's cape and forehead out of sight. Four months and \$8 million over budget, the "biggest production ever planned," has turned out to be

easy and I should wear this baggy. Maybe you shouldn't wear it." She protests for a minute. "Oh, go ahead—write it."

Discretion has never been Margot Kidder's strong point. A casual look at her press clippings would reveal that she has crashed in random on the subject of her libertarian lifestyle, occasionally over the telephone. Those years ago, in *Playboy's* glossy pages, she flared not only her admirable looks, but her adolescent determination only proving to convince herself for not doing further conduct. "If I'd been brave enough, I might have let Doug Kirkland take pictures of me a year before I got my period, when my stomach was all bloated," she wrote in the accompanying text.

She wastes no time in arriving at the nub of her current musings. "You know, I used to think I was so liberated," she says. "But I spent too much time being chased by men, falling in and out of love with them. I was never not in love." Now it seems that love has been laid aside like yesterday's fashions. In an interview, a child's whimsy and stifled sensuality are credited to a makeshift nursery. Staphylococcus of their proprietor, a bawled two-year-old named Maggie, graze down from every wall. "This child has brought me so many things," marvels her mother. "I had no idea of the strength and solidity and continuity of that kind of relationship. It's like being in love 24 hours a day."

Now the women who need to meet off-camera to her latest fling involves to enhance the considerations of toilet training and crushed vegetables. Gone are the all-night dancing and drinks. Electric shocks have joined her out of a three-pack-a-day cigarette habit, a routine liquid narcotic has been abandoned in favor of sparkling apple juice and she has sworn off valium and cocaine. The lady who once boasted that she had run through 1,000,000 without seeking new women about saving her salary to buy a house in a good neighborhood with trees and schools.

"It's so much more interesting to go home and play with Maggie than go make drugs and drink and go to a party," she says. "And, you're talking, in the original pretty girl. Besides, I was a real coward. I had mood swings that would knock me out over. But with a child you can't be depressed and suicidal. Certain neurons are just not allowed. It always sounds suspicious when somebody says, 'I'm happy, but in the last four or five months I've been so much happier.'"

Margot Kidder came into to a mixed consciousness. The awkward script of a 12-year-old daughter set the tone early. *Dear Diary*, a pretty want to be a popular actress. I am very happy. It's 17 and she had already dropped out of a University of British Columbia theatre arts course and taken to the road with the touring cast of *Gilbert*. For a glimpse of the unscripted life. Her first CBC role was her last. She went on to score two roles in a Norman Campbell TV



Kidder in a park in New York (facing page) and as Lois Lane, standing alone with her Clark Kent, Christopher Reeve's (above), and doing her job (left), up, up and away



bigger than anybody ever imagined for. "Oh, I suppose I should feel grateful," Kidder says. "I mean, there I was a year ago with no career and here I am in this all-time monumental picture. But sometimes I feel a lot of my work could be done by an android or a plastic robot. The only comment the producers have made about my acting ability to do it that my hands are

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connaissances and a Malibu's story. Euphoric director Norman Jewison knew her troubled sensibility as a adolescent and inspired her to Hollywood to play a building prostitute with Melissa Matheson and Marie Crayon in *Gaily, Gaily*, which is item 161. In a starring role opposite Gene Wilder in *Quackster Fashers: Max & Celine in the Bronx*. By 22, Margot Kidder had already been hailed as the hottest sweet young thing in hit Hollywood, had dated Tinseltown's most eligible bachelor-of-the-year, Elliott Gould, and retired—a self-announced flop.

Along the way, there had been men in great numbers—among them, director Brian De Palma, actor Michael Sarrazin and to director Gary Wessler *Jo Kilder* confessed to *Playboy*, "Fidelity is a problem for me."

But, crushed by what she considered failure in her first two pictures, she cashed out of Hollywood in favor of New York acting lessons, then picked up her career and landed a peach farm in the Okanagan Valley to commune with Nature and Art. When life as a Zen nana was a B.C. relationship turned out to be not exactly viable, she descended to Vancouver, signed on as an apprentice editor with Robert Altman's *American McGee* and found love, frequently screen co-starring. She landed a TV series as James Garner's bisexual girlfriend in *Weekend*, was Robert Redford's girlfriend in *The Great White Pepper*, and Tracy Keenan's partner in *Greasy Train*. The Hollywood she had once hated turned into the place she fondly called home. She took up being gliding and earned in an aerobics instructor, leaping off cliffsides from California to Wyoming. Nothing seemed beyond the freedom of Margot Kidder. To a generation of women wrestling with deeper pain and the need to carve a meaningful existence, her life may have seemed like some lodestone about an eternal universe.

At one point, she was among a handful of women chosen by the American Film Institute to make a personal film. The plot, inspired by her own diaries, proved oddly prophetic—the camera panning in on a girl with a free-wheeling love life and a wallful of men's photos, like a kitchen, over her bed. When she meets Mr. Right, she takes down the photos, and at last Mr. Right prevails! wrong and one by one they are pushed up again. The 40-minute short received enthusiastic notices and there was talk of Margot Kidder going on to make another "I had everything handed to me." she says. "It was right within my grasp. So what do I do? Like most women, I ran off with a man."

The white Jaguar slips through London's nightstreets. Beyond the pious, powdered chicks in tulle-trimmed dresses are plotting through a brick daze, but as the back seat Margot Kidder yawns, ebullient. This is a sentimental journey she can no longer afford. The last time she came to England, three years before, she had been

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in a state of advanced anorexic excitement, his name was Tom McGuire, a raggedy good-looking 30-year-old American novelist who had already been hailed as "the Hemingway of the '70s." When they met, he had just seized angry directorial control over the filming of his novel, *Moony-Tue in the Shade*. In walked Margot Kidder, a living testament to hair-pilgrimage and bewitching, headlong and the vocabulary of a naïf. "He was so beautiful, so brilliant—and besides I fell madly in love with him."

Within a year, the female lead was living with the writer-director on his Raw Deal Ranch outside Livingston, Montana, while next door on the adjoining acreage his former wife had just moved in with the film's co-star, Peter Fonda. The saga of Kidder and McGuire was never a simple one, ending as it did across two continents and more than a few obstacles, but in the end it was closed by a third party "I'd wanted a kid for years," she says, "but I was told by this gynecologist in Toronto—a man, naturally—that I could never have babies. Then Tom came along and, 'OK, come, you can have a child.'"

Undaunted by assumed medical rebuff, she returned to Mooby to study some of natural childbirth and went out the second event, another and alone. Three, seven months pregnant, she "chickened out," in the words of, and moved back to the ranch.

Initially, it was a case of him under the big sky. There were quarter horses to learn to ride; neighbors such as actor Warren Oates and novelist Richard Brautigan to talk the night away. She revealed in the next season of child-birth. Next month after the birth of Margot Kidder McGuire, she married the baby's father.

A magazine article on McGuire at the time depicted their rustic Eden, the young pair's love growing from his amiable woman and children with a typewriter and a whirling knife. His old and new wives (dressing as usually as childhood playmates), Margot losing the new baby over one shoulder as she tried up a venison steak. "All very pleasant," the quip now. "No mention of cocaine."

But along with certain unnatural substances, there was another attraction in paradise. "Here we were, the romance of the frontier," she says. "Then we married in together and neither of us could hold water in coffee. I loved to go off in a dog and hunt," she says, "and he expected me to cook dinner. I'd throw spitballs and yell, 'Why don't you cook dinner?' I fell very deeply in love with a man who felt women should cook and clean and take a normal place not only in the marriage but in life. And I watched myself go from a relatively cool and cocky person to an absolute wreck who thought she couldn't do a thing."

She threw herself into training quarter horses by day, but by night she was a threatened knife brand. "I won all the time," complained, I couldn't sit. By the end, I was down to 100 pounds and read-



leaving without by the bottle."

When word of the frantic search for Lou Lutz finally filtered through to the Raw Deal Ranch, the lead as the director. She flew to London on a Friday for the scene test like some refuge from a John Wayne buckaroo-blue jeans, cowboy boots and ten-palm hat. On Monday morning, Lou Lutz beamed demurely into the lens. "I didn't even know how to read the script," she says. "But this picture has really been therapy."

It was also the last straw. She left Montana a married lady. Three weeks later, she received notice that she'd been divorced. The car pulls up before a Georgian townhouse on Chelsea. Kidder bumps out the door, up the steps and throws her arms around a small bundle of advanced blonde wisdom as an All-American sweet short—Maggie Kidder McGuire. In the rented Victorian living room, where a friend has lit a fire and candles, they romp in the glow. They are galloping suede-style over the Persian carpets when Maggie snubs a

tee. Her mother bends to soothe the indignity. "We'll phone Daddy and tell him about it," she coos, patting her son's hip. "Daddy will kiss it over the telephone. Daddy will make it better, won't he?"

In the lobby of the Grosvenor House Hotel, England's first on as an actress by Noel Coward. At the grand piano, a screen figure in white tie and tails serves up *Some Enchanted Evening*, while tuxedoed waiters bow and swirl in the lobby ritual of five o'clock tea. "You were there must be looks and ladies here," whispers Margot Kidder, sitting close as a snatcher to stare, apparently entranced that whoever they are, they are staring right back at this creature in high-heeled doorknob boots, her hair still dripping from 30 taps in the health club pool set door.

"As soon as this picture is finished, I'm gone. I'll never work again," she says. "But then I'm always late. I'll never work again. I'm just ridled with insecurity. I cover very well, but it's a nervous performance



Kidder with Tony Stephens in 'The Reincarnation of Peter Proud', and with Robert Redford in 'The Great Waldo Pepper' (left), and with Gene Wilder in 'Chicken Pooper' (right). These were truly the days

the whole time. I had a pretty good set going with more—more and valuable. I was trying to have a man as low with me—or even. But so soon as a real movie gets very intense, the other person gets a big surprise. Suddenly they find that instead of a man—like lady there is that little thing

who comes around saying she's not good enough. I mean, we never had much money. My father lives in a trailer now that I would refuse if they gave it to me in a dream room. I will share anything. "They, what am I doing here with all these brilliant people—I'm just a dropout from a mining town in Northern Quebec!"

In the course of buttressing out through the confusion in acquiring some new perspectives. She is learning to think her re-discovered family, has just begun to delight in female friendships and a grade-

ally reimagining the actual herself. "My friends with men now. It's not as easy as that. It was it so hell—but it's such a relief. I just don't want to try to be what anybody wants me to be anymore."

The question remains what Margot Kidder herself wants to be. "I'd just like to find something in life where I can use my brain—and it's not acting. I feel I've got more to offer than standing on a spot being powdered." She says with the love of journalism—"But then I suppose you just relax." She talks of finishing a screenplay—"But then some dumb director comes along and screws up your work." The boundaries loose. She wonders about about making a film with Canadian Film Development Corp. grants—based on her own experience, perhaps.

It is, after all, an experience like so many others these days, the roles are all so heavily written. There is no right and so wrong—simply different viewpoints. Heron are easily confused with values and even superior and phases are out to have felt of common funds.

A man approaches the tea table now and goes on. He pretends to read a newspaper as we talk, but she senses his impatience. She cuts the conversation short, jumps up from the table, allusions of bills to be paid or packages left behind and back to her goodbyes. Her arm hooked in his, she slides off on search of her freedom. The piano plays an old-fashioned tune.

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# When worlds collide

Even in two solitudes, youth will find a way

By David Thomas

Nineteen ages and a case of beer pressed into an overpowered car squeaking off the asphalt in Bellefleur County is not quite as typically " Québécois" as single couple life. Certainly, the hazards of Quebec's rural highways are folkloric. So when the wheels of the aging Pontiac sped straight into the highway bent into curves, the aghast and stunned of Québécois and British Columbian inside experienced no authentic, if perilous, cultural exchange. Whipped streaking as the airborne vehicle slipped through a hole of ice to crash awestruck in the dark was not the sort of cultural experience anticipated by their parents and chaperons. But the students, saved from serious damage by the casual cushioning of their resilient young bodies, may well have the accident to thank for rescuing their exchange trip from failure. Complicity in keeping the mishap secret was certainly part of the pooling chemistry that would turn a cold vacation into a passionate contact.

One day, there had been nothing to smile. The 30 visiting suburbanites from Surrey and their country hosts in Saint-Amand, a deep-pocketed farming village tucked into the smooth folds of the Estrie River valley, 30 miles south of Quebec City. An exchange designed to foster understanding had so far proved a more desolate thing.

Most of the Surrey youth were female, Fair-to-good and clean-shaven in mid-teenhood to womanhood. They had arrived five days earlier in the May sun blotted by the cloudy gyres of a hard winter's snow. At the worst time, thousands of other young Canadians went, like them, temperately sharing provinces and families through the federal government's Opus House Canada, a \$6.5-million effort to foster cultural unity. By July 1, exchanges for 15,000 students from 14 to 21 years of age will have been called off. The year B.C. is involved in more exchanges than any other province, apparently because British Columbians are eager to return their appreciation of southern and, af-

coincidentally, because the West Coast loves other Canadians like a domestic California.

A clash sets in for making in the Air Canada jet docked at the Quebec City terminal to discharge the contingent from Surrey's Princess Margaret Senior Secondary School. Their principal chaperone was expecting, and wanted, a gift. "We want them to suffer a cultural shock," said Frank Mar, anthropology teacher and, for 24

hours, modified by shyers, their own sense of jet lag and the excited sounds of an unfamiliar language, the troop from Surrey was suddenly thrust into a swirling welcome as they were sorted out by the Québécois men with whom each had been matched by mail. Embarrassed grin showed the Surreyites were impressed by their real immersion: a report where, just about the only food allowed passed by

French bilingualism in the airport public-address system to the Quebec City region, anyone heard speaking English as reflexively viewed as an American tourist and probably a threat. The first night away from their friends, alone with the families with which they would eat and sleep for the next seven days brought the profound realization to nearly all the young British Columbian that French is not only a language, but the only language of most Québécois. Especially in Saint-Amand. "I told our kids the wrong thing," confirmed chaperone Sylvia. "I told them the Québécois kids would all speak English but that we should insist that they speak French."

By the next morning, the apparent cold had the Surrey students coming before goldenrod and pines, exhibiting the symptoms of Alvin Toffler's definition of culture shock. The effect this summer was a strange culture but not the anticipated water. It comes a breakdown in communication, a misreading of reality and an inability to cope.

Assembled in a classroom of Saint-Amand's regional high school, the two groups squinted like reptiles against the Québécois in the first rows and the disoriented visitors clustered together at the back. They were there to have the law laid down by Marcel Monn, organizer of the Quebec end of the exchange and a committed booster of the group who is also Monn's citizens' campaign to build a hockey arena. Monn is a federalist. And, like many federalist Québécois, he believes the conditions for Canada's survival as one country is the conservation of Qué-



Kelly Hall is having her own (and not easily made) friends, no need for interpretation.

years in China and Japan, missionary. "They must learn to take the leap and speak French. The other part of the shock is political. We want our kids to have a much better attitude toward separation and Quebec's position in the culture."

Although only partial success could be claimed at the close of the week-long segment in Quebec, the shock, at least, was unaided. In track the B.C. side of the highway between their success and the national building. Their exchange "wins," rampant with winning, start up a spontaneous cheer of welcome that stunned the arriving travelers to a halt. They tightened into a wary knot on the tarmac as snow and follow their chaperones like teenagers jangle phones behind their



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PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID THOMAS



became a bilingual, French-speaking territory. To some of the B.C. students, Morris' comment provoked a mixture of surprise and scorn. "I'm not sure if you're kidding or not," said one student. "There was no appeal for understanding or sympathy. Just the straight goods: 'If you want to speak English,' Morris told them, 'you should go to a country that's English-speaking, like Ontario. In Quebec, we never speak English. We live in French, we work in French and we dream in French. I know some of you think something is wrong with people who don't speak English, but when we speak English we are not what we really are.' Then it was the same culture and our history is completely different from yours—but we still want to be part of the same country from coast to coast on, that's all for English. From now on, we will speak only French and if you need help, ask your teacher."

Morris' language ultimatum was an obvious trap. Like the noble experiment of official bilingualism, it ignored a crucial reality: Few English-Canadian speak French and not many others want to. Seventeen-year-old Nadine Nadeau had even been disheartened from learning the language. "My French teacher told me not to start speaking French like the French-Canadians. I think that's stupid. I'm going to learn a lot more French-Canadians than French from anywhere else," ignoring her

teacher's admonition and happy to be paired with confident and outgoing Sylvie Fougere, Nadine was one of only half a dozen of the 30 B.C.ers to jump into French, clanking dictionaries and phrase books like water wings. Most of her friends hung back, giggling together and rolling their eyes at the simplest legerwork to close the gap.

There was nothing but the disappointment of the Saint-Anne's hosts. The Quebec teens-agers had been expected to ease the English-speaking visitors through their fear of French and had even prepared for the emotional tension in classroom sessions that centered the B.C.ers weren't interested and, to the distance widened with the passing days, the embarrassment of the B.C. chaperones became tagged with anger. "The B.C. kids come here thinking they're superior. That's part of the problem," said Mary-Ann Wilson, bilingual's mood book keeper. "Their parents have very poor, very ignorant attitudes."

Generosity was conspicuously absent from the opinions some of the B.C.ers expressed about their Quebec hosts. "They're not as much fun. They're more conservative. They're not as open as we are," remarked Viviane Vander Zalm, whose uncle, B.C. Minister of Human Resources Bill Vander Zalm, was national outcry by saying he was fed up with French on central issues and would wel-



The brawl broke out at Saint-Anne's the last night, despite a shaky start, the first at

come separation as a way to cut "the emotional tension coming to B.C. from Quebec and seeking welfare." His mood was set by his own dislike for the challenge of two languages. "Nobody speaks English in the family where I am so it's pretty boring for me."

The criticism wasn't one-sided, of course. The Quebec kids, too, sometimes found the others dull. "They spend half their lives in the bathroom," griped Francis

him's remark, written in 1939, on "two minutes waiting in the bathroom of a single store." Then a riot broke out.

In manifestation was set on the morning following the riot, with just two days left before the visitors were to return home to await the arrival, a week later, of the Saint-Anne's students. The chaperones, of course, were oblivious to the last-night crash as its victims slipped discreetly off to hospital for lip stitching and bone setting. Whispered news of the night's spread like a virus, drawing the members of both groups into a conspiracy of silence to protect against the wrath and prying queries of the adults. Common ground was found.

The B.C.ers began sticking by their own and, piled into their yellow bus for an afternoon of field tripping, attending young women broke into a laughing. At first, the young broke into French and English, one group jangling, the other laughing without comprehending. But then somebody hit on what the Quebecers and the volume amplified by two. Fear was gone from their eyes and the differences once separating, became fascinating.

Seventeen-year-old Cindy McClellan even managed to discern cultural difference at that tribute to homogeneity, McDonald's. "I really like Quebec Big Macs," Carol managed between swallows of an oozing pocket of meat, bread and sesame seeds.

"At home there's only one cheese, here there's two."

Attachments were budding too, between the visitors and their foster families. The Saint-Anne's remarked that the Quebec hosts were generally cleaner than their own but what surprised most was that, in Saint-Anne's, children and parents sat together at fixed mealtimes, something they said is rare back home. The previously independent adolescents were being drawn into old-fashioned, French-Canadian nuclear families. And loving it.

Old habits with exchange visits recognize the phenomenon, though with most the transition from apprehension to emotional bonding begins much sooner than it did with the Surrey and Saint-Anne's groups. "Whenever there's intense contact over a period of time, this kind of group dynamic takes over," says Ann Smith, Open House Canada field officer in Vancouver. "No matter what other purposes it might have, the emotional experience alone makes the program worthwhile."

Slow as they were to connect, the bonds in Saint-Anne's set with the intensity of maple syrup hardening between the teeth. By the evening of the farewell dinner, a few visitors were strangely reborn, and at last, melted to their folding metal chairs in the others from Surrey were pressed into a traditional Quebec square dish swilling with concepts like an even ex-



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pending universe. And though they would see each other a week later in B.C., there were more tears in the Quebec City airport parting than ever drenched the pages of *Last Story*.

Another explosion of emotion would end the follow-up exchange in B.C. after a week that saw Bill Vander Zanden warmly welcome the Saint-Anne's visitors to his Victoria office—in French. The work in Surrey would also include a whirlwind romance: Patricia Dallaire fell in love with Norma Nickel, a small step for national unity, a potentially great leap for her parents' telephone bill.

But ribs and heartaches aren't what the stages in subsidizing. The national unity ordinary demands results and for Open House Canada, results mean changed attitudes. No more bawling of French in Tre-



Jocelyne Bégin, with a Surrey Island, Carol McCauley (above), France Taxara and her B.C. guest, Donna Myrte (left), and the juggling sisters at the Quebec airport, with Sherrie Moore conducting the Saint-Anne's kids, a gratifying, if unexpected, result.



onto baseball games, no more embarrassing hostility between French- and English-Canadian journalists on the Cambodian beaches, for the violent jokes about Newfie, Flood and the also naive Market Facts of Canada Ltd. of Toronto has been buried, at \$125,000, to measure change. Open House Canada travelled experience in their attitudes toward the country and others living in it.

If the analysis confirms the Saint-Anne's experience, the unity bourgeoisie may find some surprises. Open House Canada works—maybe too well. Young people from Surrey lost their hostility toward Quebec all right, but increased understanding did not translate into greater emotional ties to fight or paralyze. Typical was the comment of Big Mac consumer Carol McCauley: "It's changed my views

on separation. I didn't realize before that they had a reason. Now I see they are not getting enough recognition of their language and culture. I don't think they should separate, but I think they should have the right to set their own government."

Similar understanding was gained by Kelly Hall whose first visit to Quebec ended in sweet weeping as she discovered a momentary friendship and used as a result to her friends. "I was so upset," recalled Kelly. "I just didn't want to go home. I really felt welcome there." Like many of the visitors from Surrey, she realized that Quebec's anti-gay outside the province is belied by its reality. "Now I feel good about Quebec because I know people there and I know they're friendly."

For the Quebec kids the lesson was ha-



ven, not constitutional. "I'm neither entirely for, nor entirely against separation," said Patricia Dallaire, her eyes stilled with nostalgia for Norma Nickel. "But whatever happens, it should include our relations with each other as Canadians."

When Hall, McCauley, Dallaire and the others learned, in the end, was to ignore the established biases. The difference, they discovered, are not—and were the difference.

First days after the return from B.C., Carol Ray moaned around the Saint-Anne's schoolyard. Her throat thickened with emotion as her thoughts flew back over the Rockies. "I wonder whether they often think about us." As the lesson camped, of an audience of teachers returning to class, Carol's words read: 10 m. still lacking, like her heart, on Pacific time.

# The World

## The Unsilent Majority

California's governor Jerry Brown calls this "the first year of Jerry"—the start of a new era in American politics. And Browned Jerry, a smart, loudmouthed, 73-year-old school manufacturer from Los Angeles, quietly agrees: "What we've begun here in California is going to go through the country like a dose of salt," says Jerry. "The majority have spoken. To ignore us now will be political suicide."

What Jerry and fellow tax-crazees Phil Glenn 86 have started here, Americans too—and politicians around the country—are struggling to catch about the handwriting on anti-tax anger boils over in a score of states.

Jerry is the author of "Proposition 13," a draconian tax-cutting measure which Californians voted approved in early June by a 2-1 majority.

- It cut property taxes by 33 per cent.
- It makes imposition of new taxes extremely difficult.



• It knocks a 37-billion hole in local government income.

As the score later of hands the administration of Governor Brown—who at running for re-election this year but staying in the polls—the task of reaching an extension fiscal crisis. No one will be watching the outcome more closely than President Carter, who views the 40-year-old governor as a chief rival for the White House in 1980.

Brown tried hard to stop on the state. Supported by a powerful coalition of unions, state legislators, civil servants' and teachers' groups, he denounced 13 as the premier path to social chaos. Its passage would "divert education" from 450,000 people out of work, cause massive firings of police and teachers, close public libraries and pools. But when voters rejected his doomsday message, the governor sang a new song. "The people have spoken," he announced. "We must meet this great challenge."

What days the rate began. They may not be apocalyptic as predicted, but they are harsh enough. Already the huge Los Angeles school system has cancelled its

Jamie (left) and one of the great home of Hollywood, the California Tea Party.



complex autumn program, sending 20,000 teachers and educational workers on an unpaid two-month vacation and leaving 150,000 students without classes to attend.

Los Angeles police offered to forge a new pay raise, of Mayor Tom Bradley dropped a plan to lay off 1,000 officers. San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, and he might lose 5,000 workers, while halving budgets for public transport, street cleaning, libraries, fire and so on.

This year, corporate local authorities will be helped out by Boeing with funds from the state's \$5-billion surplus. What that has gone, no one can tell what will happen. A task force appointed by the governor last week is likely to finish the fiscal year to come up with preliminary answers.

Coal challenges to give even or delay implementation of 13 have been filed by teachers and public employees' unions. But many experts agree with Howard Jones when he says: "We don't judge how many days there, will have the gas to hold up what 70 per cent of the electorate voted for."

How does Davis make up the revenue lost by raising property taxes from \$12 billion to \$25 billion? "Davis' Chief of staff could make \$40 billion a year. Now they'll have \$23 billion or about \$15,500 for every man, woman and child. Let them live the fat." The prospect of massive layoffs doesn't bother him either—in Los Angeles County, they've gone from 42,000 employees to 30,000, but in the same period, population has risen only 2 per cent.

Inflation and speculation—the twin monsters that have torn local economies apart—50 per cent at a single year—posed to many other parts of the United States not here, who is building a nationwide anti-inflation organization, will have to move

first to keep ahead of the Great American Tax Revolt.

In a rush to catch up, congressmen voted, two days after the California decision, to cut the national health education and welfare budget by \$1 billion. A \$255-million scheme to "revamp architectural burners to the handicapped" also got the thumbs down, while many states are moving in the same direction as the Californians.

Already Colorado and Tennessee have limited government spending. Oregon, Utah and Idaho will have tax control schemes on the ballot or on the legislature later this year. Its 20 other states, with the movement are under way while 33 state legislatures are calling for a constitutional amendment to ban federal deficits. It's all part of the message Howard Jones swore to send to Washington.

The question is it Jimmy Carter's last? **NELSON CORN**

#### THE U.K.

**Man's inhumanity to man**  
Schoolteacher Mahmood El-Nuri Haque, 41, came to Britain from what is now Bangladesh because he wanted to experience Western culture and literature at his hand. Not any more. "We don't want to



know about a multi-racial society," he says. "we're here to work on our lives." All 14 Muslims, Mahmood Haque and many of the 25,000 fellow Bangladeshis who now live in Britain want to be united in a community whose members will protect them from the gangs of white youths who roam London's East End.

**Bengalis and Pakistanis conferring after a racial disturbance early in June: better to live in ghettos than live in fear.**

And to a dramatic reversal of Britain's traditional policy of integrating immigrants, the Greater London Council (GLC), which rules over seven million people, has

taken the first step in setting up an official ghetto for the Bengalis. A report by the GLC's housing director recommending that a substantial part of the emerging borough of Spelthorpe be set aside for them has been accepted by the Conservative chairman of the GLC's housing management committee.

United States or other large nations?

**Yamini:** But you are a friend.

**Maulana:** Have you looked at the portrait of the Canadian war hero?

**Yamini:** I studied them carefully as one of the alternative sources of energy. They could be an answer. But there's a problem now with the cost of production. It's too high. And the method of production is not the best. An energy technology would help.

**Maulana:** Yes, you are looking for answers to develop the world. Would you consider investing on the sea beds?

**Yamini:** If there is a case, well, provided, with the financial means as well as a successful forum than South Arabia would consider helping develop the sea beds.

**Maulana:** Many people worry about the economic effects of another oil embargo. If the Middle East political situation persists, will you see new oil origins against you?

**Yamini:** We won't have to. All we'd need to do is keep our rate of oil production where it is today. Not increase it. This is

The Bengalis are comparatively recent arrivals in the post-war migrant boom which, says Conservative party leader Margaret Thatcher, has left many whites feeling they are unwanted. Most have come from Britain in the past 15 years and are not English-speaking and therefore. They take naturally no interest in British affairs.

The area into which they have moved was once dominated by immigrant Jews but the Jews have prospered in the big trade and investment and have made a business of it. Now they are now worked by Bengalis, their synagogues have been turned into mosques, and the kosher butchers are now run by Muslim for Asians.

Violence is such an everyday occurrence that children are scared to school in some ways, and on one mid-week weekend a mob of 150 white youths roamed through the area harking bottles, bricks and stones at shops and shouting "kill the black bastards." Police moved in hastily and arrested 20 people.

The ghetto proposal followed the fatal stabbing of a 24-year-old Bengali on his way home from work. So far, police have made no progress in solving this or most other violent incidents, which are reported to last. So a group of Bengalis went to the council for help.

Originally the ghetto plan had support from Labour councillors as well as Tories. But following objections, including strong protests from whites who live nearby, it is now to be debated by the whole council.

Even the Bengalis accept Ajami statement by a number of local groups said a ghetto would "play into the hands of those who prefer violence to integration." Mahmood Nuri Haque, however, is in no doubt about the right solution. "The plan to put together the black people in hand and scorable," he said. "We have to live together for self-protection." **IAN MATTHEW**

## The man who has what makes the world go 'round

For the past 18 months Saudi Arabia which is a quarter of the world's known oil reserves, has been asserting as one partner, eagerness for sharing some in the control of by its ally, the United States. How long will it continue to do so? It will happen if there is a worldwide scramble for diminishing oil reserves? Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, Saudi Arabia's charismatic minister of petroleum, who was born in Canada on June 24 for a visit to Alberta a few weeks and for his future descendants, talked about the future to Wendy O'Flaherty.



Yamani doesn't say his clock is worth you

"It prices will start to go up gradually because of a flow which can't be kept at a world shortage and what will happen there to oil prices?"

**Yamani:** I think 1985 is a good price. It wouldn't be expanded if the price of oil doubles. But you will do that yourselves if you don't take control over production and development of oil reserves of energy.

**Maulana:** As consumption rises and you set up your energy capacity, will you lose control of policy?

**Yamani:** We will. But don't be happy that the price of oil is at its right now. It's not in your interest to keep prices down. If there isn't a regular increase then when a real oil shortage but the price increase will be very sharp indeed and will hurt your economy.

**Maulana:** There is a moral question concerning how much oil Saudi Arabia really has. Some people believe you have more oil than you say you have, but you have not supported fields?

**Yamani:** We do not discuss our reserves.

**Maulana:** How much oil will you be able to sell with a pump out of the ground in the mid '80s?

**Yamani:** If we don't produce enough then

we might really hurt Western economies and this will turn out as we have in our own interests in the West. Then there's the political factor. If a shortage of oil causes a depression in the West with high rates of unemployment, people will be interested. Present governments may be changed for leftist regimes, which we do not want. Our plan is to go from our present production of 90.5 million barrels a day to 14 million barrels a day in 1985 or '87. We will increase our production—but not by using that because that would be consuming outside for oil. Once our oil is sold in its own form.

**Maulana:** When there is an alternative source of oil, who will get what's left?

**Yamani:** Those countries that can offer us industrialisation and technology will benefit most to us. I think the political factor is important too. We will reach to help our friends more than our non-friends.

**Maulana:** Surely Canada would have very little power up against the oil demands of the

West, because your consumption is rising. You need increasingly more from Asia.

**Maulana:** The Russians are a key factor in the world oil supply situation. You have and other recent oil reports which showed that the Russians will be seeking to export oil in the early 1980s—can it figure of someone's imagination?

**Yamani:** We are receiving new information. There are indications that the Russians don't have enough of they are reducing their exports. They're already sold Czechoslovakia, Romania and other nations to buy oil from outside the Soviet block. Despite the political implications, the Soviet Union is not a threat to the Arab world by their fears needs for oil. And they may use the Arab-Israeli problem as a means of entering the Middle East. Peace is not in the interests of the Soviet Union. It is in the interests of the Middle East. Even there, we would see a third world war. A real war, involving the great powers.





# If nothing else—and there is nothing else—these guys sure talk a good game

Sports column by Wayne Lilley

The coverage Toronto has for Hamilton is equaled only by the hatred Hamilton has for Toronto. The good packed egg versus the self-controlled snail. And each summer and fall, recently, the neighboring cities have held their pug war on the football field to determine who shall finish dead last and next to last in the Canadian Football League's Eastern Conference. Since Toronto's Argonauts last won a Grey Cup in 1952, however, Hamilton's Tiger Cats have had much the better of the battles, year after year, offering up a symbolic victory of the peasants over the wealthy. Hamilton stands as proof that money does not bring happiness—at least not to Toronto sports fans.

For the past several months the rivalry has been heating up considerably. For a while, it even looked as if the first Toronto-Hamilton exhibition game (June 29 in Toronto) would become a referendum on the value of sport as a rebuke to the status of ex-convicts. The Argos had been declaring for the services of a couple of American inmates whose main problem was getting out of a Miami jail in time for training camp. And while Argos were checking out the U.S. prison, Harold Ballard, owner of Maple Leaf Gardens and hockey's Toronto Maple Leafs—said himself perhaps the wealthiest alumnus of Ontario's penal system—finally succeeded in buying the Tiger Cats. He doing so, though, the commissioner, Ballard, had to battle the city's western teams who were wary of his abusive ways, as well as Federal Labor Minister John Manion, a Hamiltonian who objected to a Toronto team owning the team. Finally, when it played his last card was willing to pay \$1.5 million for a financially troubled, last-place team.

Not to be outdone in publicity, however, Bill Hodgson, majority owner of the Argos, promptly forgot his vow to ignore U.S. spectators whose fee regularly goes out when smothered by Toronto dollars, and signed six manning back Terry Metcalfe to a reported \$1-million "lifetime playing contract." Hamilton's Jimmy Edwards already knew he was the best player in the country, now he was being told he

was the most underpaid at an estimated \$30,000 a year. If Metcalfe was worth a million, ignored Edwards, then so was he. Ballard, who doesn't make a habit of paying his money where his mouth is—like the streets around Maple Leaf Gardens—would be lathered with cash—found himself tripped, with little choice but to pay Edwards his million.



Edwards' contract, millionaire on-the-loose

But just when things were scaling down into a duel between two millionaire naming backs, Argos' recruiting program took another turn. They abandoned their Florida prisoners when it seemed that even if the two had beaten their cocaine possession raps, Canadian immigration authorities would not let a den wave of doctors whether they could throw a cross-body or not. Instead, Argos began looking west, in

Hamilton actually, and they signed Mike Harris, the "Tiger" unhappy all-star receiver.

But in football, players don't work for whom they wish. As the loss of Harris, Tiger Cats threatened to go through crisis, commissioner John Goodson to get compensation. So rather than let Goodson decide who would go to Hamilton, Argos quickly handed over all-star linemen

Ray Nettles, last year the heart of the Toronto defense. To get Nettles, incidentally, they gave British Columbia Lions three key players in 1977. Now Harris was costing the Argos those three plus Nettles, which was made to seem even more absurd when football businessmen pointed out Harris had already been in Argos' books in 1976. As had Jimmy Edwards. Both had been dumped by head coach Russ Jackson, who was dumped himself shortly after.

In any event, if Argos come out of the Nettles-for-Harris trade looking like their usual clumsy selves, they have one consolation: there's seldom a good empty seat at CNE Stadium. Even so, its estimate, Argos have taken a cue from the NFL's Dallas Cowboys and added a leggy, leucous show to the sedulous dancing games. For most football fans, that undoubtedly makes this year's Argos more interesting than any Argonaut team over the past quarter century.

The new owner, however, doesn't quite see it that way.

"When the hell wants to see a lot of heads half-dressed jumping around like rabbits?" Ballard growls. He has a different perspective on legs, preferring those of the opposition broken—which is precisely what he promised Nettles would do to both of Terry Metcalfe's last time the two met.

That creek broke a warning from John Goodson who told Ballard that he wouldn't tolerate such methods. The creek apparently isn't the National Hockey League, where meeting is encouraged by the rules. Trouble is Toronto and Hamilton are concerned only with which team is worse than the other. So there's really one rule: hate thy neighbor.

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## Science

### After the crash

It is almost laughable. A tow truck is chained to the front end of a wrecked car; the driver grips his engine, pops the clutch and roars away. Still only the show business and the track runs up like an angry watchdog. But what kills the humor is the driver trapped in the car. The job has just killed him.

Few people realize that for the hundreds of Canadian accident victims trapped inside their cars the rescue is often as deadly as the crash. While the flow and timing of emergency workers such as ambulance drivers has been greatly improved in recent years, the removal of the injured person from the vehicle remains a matter of brute force and dumb luck. For the unlucky, booted rescues can turn minor wounds into major ones, major injuries into fatalities. "Hundreds of people are unnecessarily dying every year because of the failure to deliver treatment in time," says Dr. Robert McIntyre, an orthopaedic surgeon who heads the trauma unit at Sunnybrook Hospital in Toronto. The longer treatment is delayed, he says, the more the body's ability to resist gross injuries is reduced.

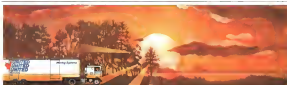


Powerful thrust jaws' cars off through steel to free crash victims about force

handed. And the longer the victim is trapped, the greater the chances of dying or suffering permanent disability.

But emergency workers who rescue trapped accident victims—have been so busy to complete, but lately some of their rescues have been doing a lot more than completing. Volunteer groups of firemen and policemen have formed specially trained and equipped rescue units. In Ontario, there are now four such squads and another 10 are in the planning stages.

The idea originated at Kingston, Ontario, in 1978, following an accident in which two young girls were trapped and a bus for hours while rescuers searched for a way to get them out. "I figured I didn't want anything like that to happen again," says Bob Peters, a founder of Canada's first unit, Queen's Rescue Services. Inspired by what they saw in Quebec as fire officers, Gary Jones and Peter Switzer successfully



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presented the idea last fall to Seneca County, north of Toronto. "It was a terrible struggle to have to stand by as a member of an emergency service without proper tools or training," says Jones. "The old police station, but also was there a mention of rescue."

The Seneca Rescue Squad they helped start has grown to 117 members operating three rescue trucks (which cost up to \$55,000 each) on different locations. The squad is also spreading the emergency group in a sort of rescue road-show, giving demonstrations to local fire departments. The star of these shows is a set of blast jumps. The 50,000 members stepped back and out a door of a car, saw red pillars as if they were flames, put a hand-held steel cutting column right through the dashboard—or crush the car's hood in an instant if it makes one wrong move. Training rescuers is a serious matter. Basic training on everything from walking to first aid takes 320 hours.



"Jones" helped in a vehicle to bend a steering column with a rescue tool to save lives.

So far, the rescue squads have managed with only limited government aid. "We could get money for a memorial park for kids who died in accidents or for people in wheelchairs but not a cent to prevent them being killed or crippled," says Jones helpfully. Money for trucks and equipment has been raised through donation campaigns, lotteries and dances. But with the plethora of new rescue groups in the works, some changes could be coming. Ontario has established an interministerial committee to assess the need for rescue services. Still, at a time of budgetary restraint, some government officials question the economics (though not the efficiency) of the services. The Seneca squad, for instance, has averaged fewer than 30 people, which works out to several thousand dollars per person.

But McManis puts the figures in perspective. In one recent case, he says, an inadequate extraction resulted in a young man becoming a quadriplegic. Care for his lifetime will cost the province \$1.6 million. The prevention of just two such cases could pay the cost of setting up new rescue services for the province. GARY WHEISS

## Architecture

And now for something completely different

"Blondie parts" wrote a member of the American Institute of Architects, "were assembled into a bizarre whole." The building in question—the new New York headquarters of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the year—1913. Plus go change, or worse, except that raise the design for A.T.&T.'s new new headquarters (occupancy, early 1982, cost, more than \$110 million) was unveiled this spring by architect Philip Johnson. "Blondie" has been one of the kinder spirits.

Johnson, a front-runner of the aesthetically purest what-you-see-is-what-you-get plan and steel towers that don't conceal, but—at 71—shocked the architectural world (and, it is rumored, the board of directors of A.T.&T.). Although he still lives in the famous, nameless Glass House, he built in 1949 and has kept his New York offices in the Seagram Building, one of the city's most prominent "glass houses" designed in the mid-'50s with Mies van der Rohe. Johnson has changed direction radically. His A.T.&T. building will be a 640-foot postpaid granite tower that seems to cross a traditional Chippendale baroque top with a Renaissance chapel horizon, using the conveniently pliable New York skyscraper form as the medium for structure. Pinch also project a fluidly varied of stairs, chases and light on the roof, provided by the building's ocean exhaust system—a vision recalling the imaginary schemes of 18th-century French architect Étienne-Louis Boullée.

Another one of the city's leading architects and he thought Johnson had gone mad. Another sent a letter to *The New York Times* offering drew "ages of clutter and barrenness set into the skyline. Johnson himself" unapologetically turning his back on the glass houses in "towering," says of his new everything-but-the-business work approach. "I'm surprised at the surprise. It seems so natural to me to do this. It's a great look in the New York landscape. The building will provide nostalgia and be a comfort to people because it looks back to the great ages of architecture."

The concerns of the others, however, as genuine, even though the concept of historical allusion—as opposed to the environmentally isolated, true-to-thoughtful-where glass and steel towers—has been central in the trade for several years. Whether it was because they too were hooded with glass boxes or started to take public complaints of feeling "blondie" by giant, impersonal structures more seriously, architects such as Toronto's Barton Myers have

architectural establishment (this spring Johnson has received four extremely prestigious awards, including the American Institute of Architects' gold medal) for his past work, what he does is likely to reflect what terms up on drawing boards and in court in the future. Eyes grow accustomed to seeing glass boxes towering above them may now be adjusted to see a whole new paper on the skyline instead of a board of building. "I'm absolutely no prophet," says Johnson, perhaps aware that people who live in Glass Houses should be careful where they set their stones. "I don't believe in being conscious, but this movement our palette. The modernist style was too serious—we haven't celebrated a man laughing for a long time." Myerson, in a way, agrees. "It's the Platonic view that a good question is better than an answer and that building is a good question mark."

NANCY FREED



Johnson and the model for his A.T.&T. building as departures go, a radical one



# Environment

## Gator Aid

Ever since she saw one chasing the boy next door, Mary Landry hasn't cared much for alligators. "This snapping bit his teeth right in his back and it was really awful," she says. Then she adds, more in reflection than revelation: "Of course, we weren't bothered by alligators in New Brunswick." Indeed not. There have been no crocodilians roaming wild in Canada since the last ice age, long before Landry left Manitoba 23 years ago to live in West Palm Beach, Florida. But here on the southernmost tip of the United States the alligator has made a startling comeback from the fringe of extinction. What Florida now surely isn't that rare anymore. Her neighbor's 16-year-old son was walking under the highway lanes near a canal. A seven-foot "gator" was coming in the long grass. It sprang after him. Fortunately the boy was a good runner. And so most of the world is shocked at called Canada—watching it all from her kitchen window—the reader) represents, as a home nation's another proof that tough government legislation is the most effective answer to saving endangered species, he they will flourish in the wilder world. Yet the alligator is one of the few success stories in a year of crisis in the fight against extinction. This summer the U.S. Supreme Court and Congress will be making decisions that determine the future of countless species.

Just 10 years ago the alligator was hunted, poached and persecuted until its survival in species was in jeopardy. There were said to be no more than a few thousand left and the experts predicted extinction in a decade. Today as a result of a permit protection laws enforced by special squads of state police and even the F.B.I., there are well over half a million alligators in Florida alone, with hundreds of the animals more in other southern states. In fact, there has been such a population explosion that the gator is now a man-eating danger all over and a scary existence is back to enjoy who live in the air-conditioned luxury of the southern state.

In the past year alone, 10,000 complaints about alligator attacks have been received by the Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission. Dogs and cats, a deluge to the roaming alligator disappear by the dozens in South Florida. There have been six attacks on humans—catches in dissection from chains—in the past 24 months, two of them fatal. One gator snatched across the main runway at Miami airport earlier this year clearing a lane for a jet and they often mow over the highway causing miles and miles of traffic jams. The urban alligator, a reptile



sleeps only in the wetlands and mangroves only to estimate (to estimate each day, is a common feature. To make things worse, people who see them at the bottom of their gardens have taken to flushing them with bread or manure, as another favorite snack. Not surprisingly, (in)humanity has had contempt (the reptiles have lost their fear of humans. A six-year-old on his way to school was chased down the street by a seven-footer the other week. According to onlookers he only escaped because he ran straight—though for a short burst the reptile can do 30 miles per hour.

Where once there were depictions of "alligators" new Florida and the prize of them mostly by Big Dick Lawton of the Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission. He is alligator-mad. They are, he says, his life. He loves them. A ten-year-old boy took a job of the alligator patrol eight years ago. His duty shows that on May 18 this year he caught a toad and released it into the swamps he 110th of a liter. All without a single injury. Lawrence catches his gators with steady fishing tackle. He casts a big three-prong hook with deft accuracy to snag the reptiles' leathery hide without harming it. Then follows a battle that makes a minnow of a crocodile as the gator is pulled in. When it gets close enough, the sergeant drops his rod and grabs the jaws with both hands, forcing them shut. He holds them closed with electrical tape, throws the gator over his shoulder, puts it in the truck of his state car and drives it to a new home. To watch the whole operation is breathtaking.

Not surprisingly the alligator success story does not have a happy ending. Since spring, commercial trappers have been allowed once again to kill "nuisance"

**Alligator relocater Dick Lawrence (in white shirt) urging, with help from his friends, then by himself, a 300-pound gator away from Palm Beach International Airport. It's a snap—if you know how.**



The Telford Dam and its potential casualty: the snail-eater; only one can survive.

gators, which likely will result in the "cropping" of about 1,000 a year. But as long as the alligator stays in the swamp and off the streets it is safe.

The future is less hopeful for other species. South of Knoxville, in the last undammed strip of the Little Tennessee River, the meandering bend huddling a few weeks ago. About now they are floating downstream through the reinforced gates of the Tellico Dam. If these gators should ever be downed the snail-eater will become extinct. For now, the three fish are safe under the American Endangered Species Act which has stopped the Tennessee Valley Authority from completing its dam. Unfortunately the \$15 million millions of dollars on the project before it was revoked that the last of the snail-eaters stood in its way. This summer the Supreme Court will have to decide whether the dam should go ahead or whether the fish should be allowed to survive.

At the same time, Congress is considering amending the act—which protects endangered species and birds from an intrusion on their habitats—to allow large engineering projects to destroy the homes of endangered creatures. "If any practical alternative to the destruction of the species is available," says Senator John Chafee, "I'm reluctant to make with the Constitution much less the science. It's like playing God the second time around." As the environmentalists point out, the Supreme Court said Congress will be deciding whether or not to construct structures to extinction, which means they could be using a dizzying biological procedure. For the first time in history man's knowledge of an extinction would establish his responsibility. "Always before, as in the case of the passenger pigeon, the extinction of a species has come as a made career," says one authority. "But we'll know what we're doing to the snail-eater."

Should the court vote for the dam, should Congress decide to amend, a whole

series of "field up" developments will likely proceed in the next 12 months. They could involve other types of snail-eaters, the Alabama red-bellied turtle, a fish called the freckled yellow perch (the Delmarva bay snail-eater, a wild flower known as the John's jewel, and at least half a dozen other plants. There are now 500 fish farms officially listed and managed and about 1,000 others are under consideration for listing. On a worldwide basis, the rate of extinction among the higher animals is increasing at one per year. Already this century we have lost 70 species of mammals, 30 of birds and untold numbers of reptiles, fish and plants.

Canada does not have a federal endangered species act, although the provinces work in concert to protect those creatures requiring extinction. But that doesn't seem to be good enough. When a special committee named this summer to consider the problem it is hoped by many that a new strong federal program will emerge. But it's too early to predict. As with the alligator, the alligator is only when the government acts in a powerful, authoritative way to curb the excesses of progress that threatened species are saved. It is not always enough to be a conservationist. It is not always enough to be a conservationist. It is not always enough to be a conservationist.

Back in the Everglades, Lawrence is sitting on the bow of a state patrol boat chugging slowly through the swampy land and chasing alligators as they lie among themselves in the saw grass at water's edge. "They're not so bad when you get to know them," he says. And he starts to get to know them. He is moving around in a small boat, some where between the double of a boat and the part of a cat. It is an extension of the canoeing call. The gators walk up eyes and spout him. He laughs. "Gee, I'm not handsome enough for these ladies!"

WILLIAM LUTHER

# Lifestyles

## Happiness is just a car named Joe

Of the estimated 51,000 speed demons who made the pilgrimage to the Mosport, Ontario racetrack in June for its first "freaky weekend," few had eyes for anything other than imported drivers like A. T. Foyt and Al Unser, and the millions of dollars' worth of sophisticated racing machines bearing equally well-known pedigrees: McLaren, Offenhauser, Cosworth.

Who, then, could possibly spare attention for anything as hopelessly mundane as the way Honda Civic sedans strutting into Mosport alongside them—sedans very much like the other spectators'—give us like a fancy paint job, a decal, a racing stripe or two. And honey of the Hondas, like one driven by Peter Christensen, a 35-year-old driving instructor from Hamilton, were too much the province of a bluffed family outing to warrant a fan's second glance. But as the thousands spread out along the winding 2.45-mile course, Christensen and 15 other drivers of Hondas as ordinary and mechanically unimproved as the day they rolled off the assembly line headed instead for the starting grid to claim their place—albeit a minor one—as the day's racing crowd.

Between the qualifying rounds and 16 fierce laps of the race itself, no fewer than five cars were damaged in the amateur drivers' assembled for points at the Honda B.F. Goodrich Challenge Series. It's the barest form of racing ever devised—some call it the People's Formula—and for that very reason it's the fastest growing racing event in Canada. Even those who had resigned themselves to serving as crowd to spectators drivers are now taking advantage of races at tracks as tough as Mosport's—the Honda/Goodrich class gives ordinary drivers access to their racing dreams. Some wonder that some 115 Canadians, many from Quebec and Ontario but none from British Columbia, have already joined one of the five racing regions. They will spend every weekend this summer competing in the series' first national season, racing in quality.

Cost is the major factor. Before the Honda/Goodrich Series—which is unique

Hondas launching on a Mosport turn and eventual winner Chetlaina (right): The stuff that wilder dreams are made of



in Canada—it costumed like that an amateur racer's enthusiasm was high as long as his fastest stayed low. The most fanatic of drivers has always ridden on the equipment side on the backs of engineers, designers, mechanics—said, most important, financiers. Several classes such as Formula Ford and Super-Vee started out cheaply enough in being racing to Everyone, but increasingly sophisticated modifications have raised the cost of a competitive car to the \$20,000 range.

It won't happen to Honda/Goodrich cars, even if Ralph Lucas, who runs the program for Honda, "hates" one of our drivers has already asked for under but we have them all down." Modifications would not only raise the costs, they would destroy the gentleman philosophy of the series—with identical cars, the driver's skill alone determines who takes the checkered flag. It's the only Canadian class of racing based on this seemingly elementary premise.

Lucas estimates that most of the series drivers run \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. That gives them enough income to compete, considering would-be racers qualify for a \$400 machine on the Honda Civic's already low list price. And since the car they race on weekends is often the car they drive during the week, many competitors count only their entrance fees (\$40 to \$65 per race) and gas (15 m.p.g. racing, against 30 to 35 on the road) as costs. The necessary safety equipment (including roll bar and fire-resistant driving suit, add up, but it's repairs—mostly to the body—that make or break a weekend's tight racing budget.

With \$20,000 prize money at the end of the season in the amateur, driving has grown competitive and collaborative. The cars are so evenly matched they tend to run in packs—throbber like no amplified boom stereo—and one driver's error is another's repair. Beth Nicholson, a 36-year-old systems analyst and the lone woman on the Ontario circuit, discovered that last year when she rolled her car. Friends helped in the restoration—more of the gentleman spirit—so her season's outlay was under \$2,000. And the \$300 she entered for placing fourth on the event reduced it further, though she says it hasn't solved the problem of how to tell her mother that she's been racing her Honda.

Peter Christensen averaged lap times of 2:52 in won the Mosport event, the top-ranked lady racer clocked laps as slow as 1:30 over the same track—which proves a driver's skill can amount to a certain extent over the limitations of racing a family car. For Tony Foster, 23, last year's Everyman champion, the Honda/Goodrich series makes sense just in fun—he is in for races in the better half of the open class—or as a stepping stone to more serious racing. "You probably won't get to Formula One anyway, but you'll learn so much about racing," he says. "Either way, it's a lifestyle more than a hobby. It's over had to quit, I think I'd go crazy on weekends."

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# Art

The shape of things that have already come



It was a point in one of the conference discussions, and the sculptor from Vancouver is the cowboy but was exploring her latest work to anyone who'd listen. It was a 12-foot-high abstract, she said, with helicopter rotor blades on a head and a helicopter rotor on its backside. "It's a backpack piece," she added, in case her

**'Opus' by Marko Bruze (top), aluminum welding (below) and Trakos, on scaffold, creating 'Station' big can be beautiful**



Stored 26 years ago with perhaps 50 people, at the University of Kansas as nothing more than a bronze-casting workshop, the biennial symposium had moved two years ago to New Orleans and grown to 600 people Toronto's bid—transforming it, despite its size, into the first truly international gathering of sculptors—attracted over 1,600 of them, a figure further swollen by critics, curators, educators, businessmen and groups. "Never before," conference chairman Daniel Silton pointed out. "Have so many sculptors been brought together at one time."

Understandably the bulk (about 1,400) came from North America, the rest anywhere from Argentina to Israel; Kuwait to Colombia from both western and eastern Europe. The artists ranged from traditionalists like Elden Toft of the University of Kansas and Denis de Pridy Hunt of Toronto to the massive abstract workmen like New York's Marko Bruze (who found a 40-foot construction crane an essential artist's tool) to manuever his immense steel beams into place to Mark Frost of Montreal who creates screaming sculptures out of fibreglass (discomposing bodies, a Last Supper where the entire is composed of human parts), to Toronto's Robert Aron, a 35-year-old computer wizard for whom space and, by extension sculpture can simply be a set of numbers housed in a computer.

For all of this it was a high-pressure sharing experience: whether discovering perhaps the techniques of large-scale polyester casting from Fred Benney, a former California sculpture professor, or the art of machining from Ulysses Canton of Montreal. It was very much a learning conference, screams divided loudly between the practical and the pretentious.

The latter were swiftly identified by



**An untitled work by Robert Morris at the Art Gallery of Ontario (above) and 'Trakos' by Ed Zelenak, on the Ottawa sculpture walk (below): some business setting**

their jargon—"post-formalist spirituality," "dematerialization," "metakology," "objecthood"—which was as accessible to most people (most sculptors too) one would guess as ancient Egyptian. The practical seminars dealt with international art policies, sculpture's boundaries and economics—and, not least, its legal battles, rife as an art form requiring for its large-scale commissions a complex network of technicians, administrators, and the ever-suspicious print of contracts and copyrights. Sometimes a nightmarish, competitive note intruded. An environmentalist Richard Leopold, who sports a silver-handled cane and simply announced, showed the "contingent school" who regard the idea as everything, and showed the writer as everything, and Leopold witheringly: "I'm sick to death of people talking about concepts for objects and saying, 'Look, it's no hands!'"

But if the conference's effect was confined solely to itself, it would have been no more than first-day-of-sculptors' shop talk and of little interest to the general public. Happily the effect was enormously expanded by a province-wide festival of sculpture: exhibitions in galleries, schools, parks, plazas, lining its many corners throughout June and, in some, for the rest of the summer. Among them: A public sculpture walk in Ottawa, the work of Israeli and Indian carvers in Kitchikang, and an extraordinary (from our view) display of large environmental pieces scattered along 15 miles of reclaimed quays at Toronto's Harbourfront Park. For all its gracelessly ambitious last display (overcharged by funding and in some cases intent, ranged from the marginally fascinating to the utterly forgettable. On the other hand, the Art Gallery of Ontario commissioned works by four of the finest sculptors working today—the Americans Robert Morris and Richard Serra, Donald Rubenstein from Toronto, George Trakos from Quebec City—and was for the most part amply rewarded by the results. Called Structures for Behaviour, the pieces demand attention and trepidation.

They are a point in one of the conference discussions, and the sculptor from Vancouver is the cowboy but was exploring her latest work to anyone who'd listen. It was a 12-foot-high abstract, she said, with helicopter rotor blades on a head and a helicopter rotor on its backside. "It's a backpack piece," she added, in case her



from the viewer—particularly Trakos' "Trakos Station," a muscled, sensitive arrangement of platforms and stairs that for the fall will appeal to thousands sampling at first hand.

Less so the large works by seven Canadians on view for the rest of the summer in the courtyard of the Toronto-Dominion Centre complex, fine of the city's skyscraper. Only two works—Donald Rubenstein's steel space construction and Komo Ebo's "Three-City Gate," with its dramatic overhang in steel and stone—can take an inhuman amount of sculpture to the top of itself and achieve the semblance of a show. The others only illustrate a major problem for sculpture today: how to integrate sculpture with architecture in the windswept plazas and geometric corners of steel cities. Toronto's sculpture is dwarfed, in impact, by a last-minute addition of gaze

on a dress often as out of touch with the surroundings as with the individual passerby. Unlike ancient Egypt, for example, where a triumphal arch was a vital symbol, our sculptural forms—lacking the private patron—have many public objects with no public meaning.

This can paralyze discussion with size: a major reason why sculpture for the last 20 years has not sold as well as painting which—for all its own excesses with large and high-priced gallery works that would never fit into any home smaller than Buckingham Palace—has always remembered that art can cut itself off from public accessibility at its peril. One obvious solution for sculpture, then, is to reject the expensive game of size, to leave connoisseurs to the contractors, to work in human scale again and thus create more direct experience. Another solution is to do away with "sculpture" and simply make sculptures out of its substructure: problems of scale, mass, relevance and upkeep would simply vanish, never to be heard of again.



The firstest seen to this sculptural outbreak has been that it is forcing viewers to think about sculpture anew. At its best—both sculptures—think about the viewer—sculpture can reduce the environment and enlarge the imagination. It's too early yet, of course, to guess at any long-term effects this summer's outbreak will have. As Edward Kienholz, the American father figure of figurative sculpture, said when the conference was over: "It's like dropping a bomb—you stimulate the artists, and the ripples spread. You can't put a thermometer on influences the same way you can't tell how a Grade 5 teacher's remark left or how many Queens Veterans affected all our lives." And it was without Marshall McLuhan, Canada's media guru, described the artist as "a Deafening Early Warning system." Sculpture, plainly, is on its way back. **MARK WATSON**



# Theatre

## Conquests, glories, and spoils

THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL  
by Suzanne Sherry

Peter Hall, director of the British National Theatre, let his slogans be known. On the first night of his new *Macbeth*, starring Alben Fanny and Dorothy Tutin, half London's first-string critics were clamorous. They had gone to Stratford, Ontario, to see the same play mounted by Robert Philipps with Douglas Rain and Maggie Smith.

If any doubts remain that Philipps has bent Stratford into a better mousetrap, the path he took leads to it: the summer should depict them. And so one can see any choice but quality was used. For two years, critics of Philipps' Stratford reviews complained about provincial and reformist governments living off foreign revenues for the festival's ongoing—looking Philipps' reputation events, they said, at taxpayer expense. This year the governments desisted. More foreign critics than ever turned up, fees paid by their papers. The arena was abuzz. North America has a classical theatre to discuss in the same breath in the *Combiné-Provence* Mosaic Art Theatre and Britain's great subsidized companies.

For Canadians, two other statistics are perhaps as significant. Of Stratford's revised 16 productions this year, four are new Canadian plays. Although just one critic by Philipps and young Canadianism. Like the Renaissance patron who made their nation schools for apprentice actors, Philipps has turned Stratford into a teaching theatre. The good news is that, on the opening of this year's first night plays, the School of Philipps seems even better than Philipps alone.



Philipps' single-handed offerings, opening week, were a revival of last year's *As You Like It*, Barry Collier's British success *Judgment* and John Warburton's *The Devils*. Whitney's play, an adaptation of Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of London* originally staged by the Royal Shakespeare Company and filmed by Rex Marshall, is a Latin II Greek version of a 17th-century French comic panned by wish fever, with two big roles for extra-curricular students. Gradually, the doubling games who seek God through the flesh, and those Jesus, the hand-bled murder superior who finds God's anger usurping the place of God's in her contemplation.

Philipps gives a powerful, dangerously beautiful production, not least of unusual performance as Gwendolyn by Nicholas Pennell and a superb, violently affecting one by Martha Henry as Jessica. But the speed straining to transcend itself which is the play's theme affects its language and playing. The cast hasn't yet found a way to speak Whitney's packed form as phantasmagoric situations of human life. The dynamics of the text come out in glorious delivery and listening.

Collier's 105-minute monologue *Judgment* makes hard listening for other reasons. Based on a true Second World War story, it's the psychic confession by a Russian officer of how he and a comrade survived for 60 days in an underground and where they had been imprisoned and left by retreating Germans. After drawing love by compassion, they killed and ate their soldier comrade with them. The monologue encourages anyone who feels com-



Smith as Lady Macbeth and a scene from *'The Devils'* in a season season

elled to walk out during his narrative to do so without guilt, and several members of the first audience used the offer. But despite its Grand Guignol manner, *Judgment* is a humane work. Vukobrat, the narrator, is a doctor, a great role, not monster, and Richard Monette pours out his terminal apology with stork, burning intensity. If the piece repels, it's not by withholding its gruesome material but by its rather audience-ritish of the need to understand it.

Philipps' comic *As You Like It* is set by Robert Finner Price to the costumes and pastel haze of a Baroque interior, but repeated twice last summer from an eye-filling production into a distinguished one. Maggie Smith's Rosalind, whose sharp-edged, Chaplinesque clowning originally

worked strictly against the third's very bloom, now reads a mercenary's razor's edge between tears and comedy, as the way line can turn wistfully now and emotion or humor. Her performance now reads with her Melicent in *Way of the World* two years ago, but the production (opening it, self-consciously exquisite, comes from the softer side of Philipps' talent).

Therese's other Old Shakespearean comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, gets a busy, robust production from Peter Moss which works best when it whips it into break time. The middle act, where Shakespeare's cheerful housewives bundle the fat, amorous Sir John Falstaff into a laundry basket, makes use of the endless of Foy-de. The cost of this a strictly, two-dimensional face characteristic, with the exception of Alan Bates' volitionally judicious husband, Ford. Eyes glimmer with anacapaucan behind their veined spectacles, he looks his class sideways with the perverse suggestion of a man who has shown (expected) life to deal from a cloth in the play. He has the courage, moralized to force, to play for naught. Not so William Hall as Falstaff, ray and goliath as a whorled baby, in a performance casually about but refreshingly lovable.

In contrast, Leth Stenson's production of Leonard Bernstein's *Candide* sprouts, sumptuous and rovingly melodic, somehow remains refreshingly unlovable. Voltaire's dry fab of the West-philosophical innocent who, raised in the optimistic 18th-century faith that he has been the best of all possible worlds, finds it rife with war, earthquakes, rape, robbery and deceit, does not lead itself to musical comedy. Loved in Bernstein's gorgeous score, tucked out in dazzling costumes by Mary Kew, strikingly choreographed by Brian Macdonald and sung with wit and cheerfulness by an attractive young cast, it may be making like a musical faced with tongue. As Edward Enninful and Carolyn Young, (Candide and his Catechism).

Hall as Falstaff: the force he with you



lead the chaos in Voltaire's soaring suspension to forget philosophy and cultivate craft's goodness, the audience gets the message the show has been wrapping all night that they're peasants.

The festival's pearls, so far, are the three productions Philipps has co-produced with his puppet-directors. Chekhov's *Duck Hunt*, jointly staged by Philipps and his dramatist Jay Karas, serves the great comedy as humbly as the festival last year served Ibsen's *Ghosts*. If anything, its balance is thousand by the superb performance of Martha Henry, as the Pervinching beauty films trapped in marriage to a provincial scholar, and Brian Bedford as the sinister doctor Asner, drawn to her elegance but too late to stomach its end.



Macbeth on Vukobrat: take it or leave it

new Furiosa, films become a woman's dream world, clouded by marriage. The depth edge in Atreus's narcissistic character, brilliantly announced in Bedford's performance (although seems a greater defence against an audience, Bedford's Vukobrat, sudden Atreus takes some colors from William Hall's Vukobrat, the backache brood-in-law caught is still low at 41. It's Vukobrat who should seem the grey-headed fool, Atreus the noble. But the whole cast's playing in one Stratford's highest level, with no weak links from Mary Smith's dread old mother, so steeped in Foyak (perhaps the speaks with an accent, to Matt Murtagh's greater Sonya, low for Atreus playing humbly through her pleasure).

The Waters' co-staging with Philipps of *Musaeus* is Philipps' first season. One agrees, a Shakespearean play tale goes missing and really by tradition to last 15th-century Europe. Shakes, Shakes' brutally pale king of Sweden, reigns over a noble Court court of all uniforms and stiller period palms. The silk-lined ambience he tends to question the Delphic oracle about his queen's

ability used by Great Exports, Bohemia, the mythical account from which his last daughter Prokha brings back spring to his gloomy palace of frozen passion, is a mosaic of peppy-old postcard embroidery and stinking dunes. Brian Bedford makes wonderfully brooding, broken humanity from the risk of the Haric, king. Martha Henry shares with superb, subtle intelligence as his smiling concubine Prokha and Margot Dwyer, in a firm Stratford lead as the staided Haric, a born to play games: self, regal and enigmatic, with a voice like a violin.

Best of all and most revolutionary is *Macbeth*, staged by Philipps and Eric Scrimmer. Never has Stratford's stage been turned so boldly into a state of mind. Un-



der an empty couch in it what says a hundred shades of blackness, the last of Shakespeare's tragedy sinks out softly as it coils over our marble. Then it comes. Atreus' face as it does those, leaving only the words and thoughts of the murderous Swedish gazing toward the audience.

Maggie Smith's Lady Macbeth, intensely still, is the greater magical. The spirit of night that a moon on her face, as we witness. When, after sleepwalking she asks for her husband's hand, he reaches visibly in her nightmare, leaving her alone and lost in the dark hole of memory. It is a great performance. Douglas Rae, as the more potent partner, led to live out the consequence of her imagining day to day, has to work harder for less effort. Sober than his deed, his Macbeth reaches its state of mind in a scored, white-faced look of exorcism. It's a brave ending, but less informed than here and more artless.

The producers divided critics and will audiences. It is hard and dark to opt, acutely artificial, jumping over time and expectation like a dead dream. But few Macbeths can have looked deeper into Shakespeare's inferno. Judging from the School of Philipps' first year, Peter Hall should avoid conflict of opening dates for the foreseeable future. RONALD BARNES

# Let us not now praise famous men but find a way to redistribute them

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Every day the place stings. One day it is Joan Slaton of *The Toronto Star* asking you to recall a toasting point in your life. The next it is some estranged lady from the CMC, requesting your favorite classical record and demanding to know why. Then it is someone from *Canadiana* (Qwest, or *The Canadiana*) or another estranged gal from the CMC warning to know about your first kiss, or bicycle, or job or roll in the leather, or ski jump or birth. They do not want a migrant, alas, they do not want dental, nor wiggly thighs. All they want is one isolated fact from your boring life.

It is, in fact, a new branch plant of patriotism: the collection of trivia. What does Adrienne Clarkson eat for breakfast? (swamped-over Chinese food). What does Marshall McLuhan have before going to sleep? (skunk). What does Gordon Postma do in the morning? (sweet). It is a gallop-up case of adolescent power—all eagerly volunteered by the victims. Tantalized for the nation. Voyeurs in the left of an, voyeurs in the right of us, into the valley of headless desire.

This is the problem: in an age when *Time* Wolfe has dubbed the "Mr. Generation," when Andy Warhol says the ultimate result is that everyone in the world eventually will be famous for 15 minutes, Canada has been shockingly deprived of celebrities. It is a serious fault in that country's development. There are, by actual count, only 200 celebrities existing on the hoof in Canada and practically all of them feed down in or around that famed modernist version of Panchito with streamers, Toronto.

This is clearly not fair. What is tearing this land asunder is not the tariff wall around Ontario-built versions of Detroit junk, it is not that Ottawa is an intellectual desolation with the heat turned off, but the fact that there is an unfair distribution of celebrities. What is needed to save Canada only is not more, the discredited Department of Regional Economic Expansion (which has not, norforth, but a new department, the Ministry for Economic Redistribution of Celebrities. Otherwise known as none).

Do you really think it is right and proper—since we're all in this thing together—that Toronto should continue to be a celebrity-free zone? (L.A. says: No. Miami? Why is Toronto so empty?)

Some will argue that this. A panel of civil servants, working on the same basic principles that were used to evolve the Canadian Post fight back agreement, will assess the relative need of all social-economic regions of Canada in their celebrity-lack and will assign selected Toronto "stars" (who now all these old boys endorse) winter and junk food to a deserving spot in the Dominion.



This may appear a trifle harsh to the famous folk involved but, since, in the age of *People* magazine and the proliferation of gossip columns, they are in fact a national resource (somewhat like guano in Chile or koola beans in Australia) the national good of the country must come first. Northern Manitoba, for example, has had little but a mine in Thompson which boys people off and a pulp mill that gets connected to unnumbered Swiss bank accounts. It is only right and just that starry toward Charles Templeton to northern Manitoba.

There are problems, granted. Which unlikely province, drawing the alien straw, would get Larry Zolt? If it were Prince Edward Island, would there be enough room for his nose? Would it be necessary to build that long-promised cutaway to the mainland to accommodate it?

This is itself saving the economy of both F.E.I. and New Brunswick might justify the hardy move.

After all, do they move Clinepatti's Noodel? Mount Rushmore? Morley Shelton, transplanted to Yellowknife, could possibly solve problems. Peter C. Newman in Tabor, Alberta, I cannot see. Jack Webster relocated to Veritas would probably initiate the Third World War.

But we must remain firm. When you are a worse commodity, you must assume the position of a commodity. *Business Week* moved to Prince Rupert is hardly a sacrifice.

we would accept to hold the country together. There are some, of course, who are simply too much into their own grandeur to be interested in one geographic location. It wouldn't be fair to the others.

John Turner, under stress, could redistribute himself through four time zones—the political extension of demand. As far as Farley Fawcett, it would only be greater if his left wrist went to Nova Scotia, his sporn to the Northwest Territories and anything left under it to the National Research Council.

There are all kinds among the 200 living celebrities. Peter Kent is embarrassed at being one. There are some, such as Paul Bonfield, who work overtime at trying to be one. Ellye You have been a man ping for 20 years to evolve into one. Our most famous celebrity of all (who is famous for the fact she is famous) we must share with the chosen crowd at Shasta 54. We can't even enjoy exclusivity on her anatomy.

Joe Clark wouldn't mind being a celebrity, but he has to become the first before he is recognized as a celebrity and the public demands it is presently that he become a celebrity before electing him to our leader. Mr. Trudeau, who had the notoriety of being born an only son, has had the press confirm his opinion of himself to a self-proclaimed celebrity.

Saskatchewan hasn't had a celebrity since Lorne Red—and Gordie Howe has left. Ruth Alberta is so desperate for one that it suffers what is known as celebrity penury. British Columbia, where every citizen feels like a celebrity, has recently become overruled since Lester La-Pierre, Carole Taylor and Keith Spence have all moved there. Its return, B.C. has given Ottawa Samia Hick, which seems far enough. Born Larkin a chief justice, now a celebrity. So is whisper Billy Wance, a wrestler—no urgent is our shortage. Don Harris, knowing the need, has split himself like a panemonee—into two separate celebrities, himself and Charlie Fargahon.

The need is desperate. There are not enough people who can eat warmed-over Chinese food in the morning and Goldfish in the evening to go around.

Remember, it is our heritage. It is what made our northern neighbor great. Why should those underprivileged in the rest of the world be denied it? *As anything less than Ellye You?*



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